THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XLI. No. 1055 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1951 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] NINEPENCE

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . Page 581
COUNTER-REVOLUTION OR PEACE? . . . 583
CRISIS IN SPAIN 583
LONDON DIARY. By Critic 584
THE OILY ROAD TO ABADAN. By Sagittarius . 585
THIS ENGLAND 585
TROISIÈME FORCE. By Alexander Werth . . 586
PROMISE UNFULFILLED. By Nancy Salkeld . 586
PUERTO RICAN JOURNEY. By Jeanne MacKenzie 587
TALE OF A TILE. By Nigel Harvey . . 588
BRITAIN'S TIN RED LINE. By Aylmer Vallance 590

THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:
Socman and Fidelio. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor 590
Religious Drama. By T. C. Worsley . . 591
Radio Notes. By William Salter . . 592
The Movies. By William Whitebait . . 592
Festival Notes 593

CORRESPONDENCE 594
From Herbert Smith; George Catlin; H. Plissner; D. Thynne Ingram; C. L. Tsou; Lord Pethick-Lawrence; Harold Binns.

BOOKS IN GENERAL. By Peter Quennell . . 596

THE ACROPOLIS. By D. J. Enright . Page 598

REVIEWS:
Socialism and Sin. By R. H. S. Crossman, M.P. 598
The H-Bomb. By G. P. Thomson . . 600
Ahead of Us All. By Charles Madge . . 600
New Novels. By Michael Ramsbotham . 601
Chess Humanised. By L. S. Penrose . . 601
Nanny. By Walter Allen 602
Tito's Pebble. By H. N. Brailsford . . 602

WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 603
CHESS. By Assiac 604

Inflation and the Welfare State

SINCE 1945 we have talked a great deal about wages spirals and price inflation, but in our insular fashion we have assumed that what happened to the franc and the lira in the 1920's could never happen here. This summer, however, we are beginning to experience an inflation which may well end by making our copper coinage out of date, and we are seeing the start of that social process which inflation always brings —the ruthless paring away of the value of the small savings of the small man and, on the other side, the vast capital gains made by the investor in industrial stocks or real estate. Inflation carries out to the letter the Biblical injunction, "For he that hath, to him shall be given: and he that hath not, from him shall be taken even that which he hath."

What is new about this process in post-war Britain is its corrosive effect on the Welfare State. With an intrepid faith in the stable value of sterling, we made our social security a matter not of sliding scales and contributions, assessed as a percentage of earnings, but of pounds, shillings and pence. Each week we pay our 4s. 11d., confident that the money we shall ultimately receive in our old age pension will buy as much as the money we paid in. This cash basis of the Welfare State makes it possible for inflation to whittle away the value not only of personal savings but of social security as well. In a period of soaring profits and prices, the imposition of a ceiling on food subsidies, social services and the Health Services automatically reduces the *real* value of the Welfare State to the poor and its *real* burden on the rich. So, in twelve months' time we may have witnessed a redistribution of income sufficient largely to cancel out the fair shares in spending power achieved between 1940 and 1950. The gap between poverty and wealth will have widened once again, but with the difference that a large section of the middle class will have been economically proletarianised in the process.

What the historian will note with interest—and the Socialist now notes with dismay—is that this ruthless method of financing rearmament out of the social services and small savings is being adopted by a Labour Government. It first constructed a Welfare State, only to sacrifice it, on the day after it was completed, upon the altar of national security. But will this policy achieve the purpose for which it was designed —to stop the increased earnings of armament workers chasing up the prices of the decreased quantity of consumer goods available? We doubt it. The Cabinet may be ready to sacrifice the fair shares of the Welfare State; but it is most unlikely that the trade union leaders will be able to persuade their members to accept the sacrifice. Indeed, it is already clear that, in the absence of any Government policy for checking the rise in the cost of living and the fall in the value of the social wage, the Trades Union Congress will have to endorse a speedy round of wage claims. True enough, wage increases will only make the inflation worse. But the wage earner, so long as he is in work, will not be the chief sufferer. The worst misfortune will fall on the aged, the sick and those who rely on fixed incomes. The trade union movement cannot be expected to show a Socialist self-restraint in checking inflation so long as the Chancellor relies on it to pay for rearmament.

Socialist Members of Parliament, returning from their Whitsun Recess, must be uneasily aware that, even before the Finance Bill has been passed, the Budget is completely out of date. The small concessions achieved for old age pensioners and those in receipt of National Assistance will be submerged by rising prices before the year is out. And short time and unemployment—caused by raw material shortages, and the dislocation of a Defence programme injected into an uncontrolled economy —will reduce the wage packets of a large number of workers. It is ironical to recollect the applause from the Government benches which greeted the Budget statement, and the intolerant disapproval with which even the most cautious criticism of it was received.

Here, indeed, is the central economic problem on which Mr. Bevan and his friends should concentrate the attention of the Labour Movement this summer. Quite apart from the question whether our foreign policy requires the present rate of rearmament, there is the simple, ugly fact that rearmament is being financed by inflation. Even if Mr. Attlee were right, and the danger of a Russian assault were so grave that rearmament must be given an absolute priority, even so it would be absurd to cling to an uncontrolled peace economy, which hampers effective rearmament and imposes gross injustice. Whichever way you look at it—whether the Government is doing a great deal too much rearmament, or a great deal too little; whether we accept or reject the £4,700 m. Defence programme—there is nothing to be said for permitting the financing of the programme to undermine the real defence of Britain—the structure of the Welfare State.

The Struggle in Persia

While the gap between the Deputies in Paris has now seemingly been narrowed to the question whether the North Atlantic Treaty shall be included, as the Russians demand, on the agenda for the Foreign Ministers, the immediate focal point—outside Korea—in the East *v.* West struggle for power, is still Iran. This is not to say that there is any evidence of Russian influence in this week's anti-British demonstrations outside the Majlis; the popular movement to send the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company packing is fanned by heady nationalism and the religious fanaticism of Fedayan Islam. Nevertheless, the control of Persian oil is definitely a factor in the Cold War.

The Company's demand for arbitration has been brusquely rejected by the Persian Government: no international authority, it declares, is qualified to investigate a decision based on the right of the sovereignty of nations. The British Note delivered in Teheran last week-end does not dispute Iran's right to nationalise any industry, but stresses the fact that the Persian Government was a party to the (still valid) 1933 agreement—an agreement which, according to Teheran, "cannot obstruct" nationalisation because, forsooth, it was "a private agreement."

The main point, however, is whether the Persian Government will receive the Mission which Mr. Morrison has offered. The Majlis has resolved that Swiss experts for the new State oil company shall be engaged, since it is now apparent that the U.S. State Department will not permit the recruitment of personnel from Standard Oil. This decision may be bluff; indeed, there are signs that some of the more realistic politicians in Teheran are worried at the loss of royalties from Anglo-Iranian. The strength of nationalist feeling may make it difficult for Dr. Moussadek to compromise, but a chance of negotiations still remains.

Co-operators in Congress

This year's Co-operative Congress, held as usual in Whit week, was notable chiefly for the address of the President, Mr. Harold Taylor, and for the evident perturbation of many of the delegates about declining dividends and failure to secure a satisfactory expansion of trade. The Co-operative Societies are finding that, as costs rise, their trading margins are falling rapidly in the food trades, which still account for the major part of their turnover. For an immediate remedy they are turning to an attempt to expand their trade in "dry goods"—by which they mean mainly clothing, footwear and furnishings.

The Co-operative leaders are, however, well aware that this step alone will not suffice to put their house in order. Looking further ahead, they are considering what part co-operators can play in the conduct of industries which need bringing under some form of public operation but are not suitable for conversion to nationalised monopolies. Mr. Taylor in his address staked out a large claim for both producers' and consumers' Co-operation to be considered as alternative forms of public ownership to nationalisation; and he also demanded more workers' and consumers' participation in the control of industries already nationalised. On the political issue, the Congress rejected by an overwhelming majority a Leeds resolution designed to secure the withdrawal of the movement from politics, and thus affirmed its support for the Co-operative Party's close association with the Labour Party, while administering a friendly warning that more attention must be paid to Co-operative claims.

Discontent in the Docks

The Report of the Leggatt Committee on conditions in the London docks is very severe on the unofficial Port Workers' Committee; but it also reveals a state of affairs which goes a long way towards explaining that body's influence. Its comments on the poor state of amenities at the docks, and on the refusal of the Ministry of Labour to do anything about them, are enough to account for a good deal of trouble; and the Report also recognises that, as working squads are broken up as soon as a particular ship has been loaded or unloaded, men are bound to insist on immediate settlement of disputes without waiting for negotiations to pass through the official channels.

The Report condemns the system which makes the Dock Labour Board responsible for discipline, so that one Union official as advocate for his member may be pleading before another official of the same Union sitting as judge. It recommends that responsibility for discipline should be transferred from the Board to the negotiating machinery, that more men should be permanently engaged so as to reduce the constant breaking up and re-formation of squads, that drastic steps should be taken to improve amenities, and that an endeavour should be made to achieve closer joint working between the three Unions involved—the Stevedores, the Lightermen, and the Transport and General Workers. It also urges the T. and G.W. to improve its contacts with its members, especially by publishing a dock workers' journal of its own to compete with the unofficial *Port Worker*. Finally, it demands a stiffening up of penalties for indiscipline and threatens the suspension of the Dock Labour Scheme unless conditions improve. But it never gets down to the heart of the matter—which is that the whole system of organising work at the ports and the whole structure of the dockers' life in respect of the relations between work and home are radically unsatisfactory, and set up tension which makes the way of the agitator very easy indeed.

Foster-parents

When the Curtis Committee reported, in 1946, that children were being brought up by local authorities and voluntary societies "unimaginatively, and with too little affection, interest, and colour in their lives," they confirmed what Lady Allen of Hurtwood had said two years before in her letter to *The Times* which led to their appointment. The Government's action, accelerated perhaps by one or two shocking cases of ill-treatment and neglect by foster-parents, was commendably prompt. By an Order in Council the care of all children "deprived of a normal home life" was taken away from the Poor Law and given to the Children's Branch of the Home Office, while comparable departments—each with a Children's Officer at its head—were required to be set up by every county and county borough council.

The Report just issued by the Children's Branch has some good progress to describe, which it does without self-satisfaction or complacency. By the end of 1950, out of the 59,000 children in the care of local authorities and 29,000 with voluntary societies, considerably more than a third were with good foster-parents; and it is encouraging to read that, despite the few distressing cases that had seemed likely to discredit it in the public esteem, "boarding out" with foster-parents was still regarded as incomparably better for most children than life in any kind of institution—and that half the so-called "nurseries" in National Assistance institutions had already been closed. There is a pressing need for foster-parents, especially those who will take boys and older children.

The Furniture Trade

The second annual report of the Furniture Development Council shows a year of steady progress. Something has been done in industrial education: twenty-four bursaries to the tune of £1,500 have been given to candidates for management training courses, and a successful residential conference for operatives and executives was held at Grantley Hall. The Council's trade and technical information service has been extended and, on the research side, a start has been made with performance tests. This work is of the greatest importance to an improvement in quality—a fact rightly recognised by a three-year grant from the Council of Industrial Design. The F.D.C. has also persuaded the Board of Trade to introduce legislation making it compulsory for manufacturers to mark all furniture with their trading name and address, a measure aimed at bringing home the responsibility for poor work to the actual maker.

The statistical appendix shows an increase in turnover of £9 millions, in 1949, making the total for the furniture trade something of the order of £77 millions. A much greater financial increase can be expected for 1950, but the increase is a reflection more of rising prices than of sharp increases in output. There has been a fall in the production of non-Utility furniture, and Utility ranges now account for over ninety per cent. of the total. The industry's statistics also reveal the continuing confusion and archaism of its structure. Nine per cent. of the firms produce sixty per cent. of the output: more than half the firms account for four per cent. of production. This is not surprising when one firm in four has a turnover of less than £1,000 a year. Either near-monopoly or State reorganisation is bound to come.

Arnold Rowntree

All those concerned with the outlook, production and standards of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION have special reason to grieve for Mr. Arnold Rowntree who died this week at the age of 78. Arnold Rowntree was a director and one of the chief supporters of H. W. Massingham's *Nation*. He joined the Board of the joint paper when the *Nation* amalgamated with *The New Statesman* in 1931; he became chairman of the *N.S. & N.* after the death of Lord Keynes in

1946. He regarded this paper as a public trust, the independence and honesty of which it was his duty to guard—an attitude which he also maintained in relation to the *Friend*, of which, too, he was the chairman, and the Westminster Press of which he was for many years a director. He was, of course, a successful man of business and played an important part in building up the great cocoa and chocolate industry which bears his name. But for many years his principal interests lay in innumerable disinterested activities—in the educational and welfare work of the Society of Friends, in the creation of the Friends' Ambulance Unit and in the Holiday Fellowship movement. Most of all he believed in adult education, and he was one of the founders of the adult school movement. He was the finest example of a now rare type of Englishman, the successful businessman who always regarded the money obtained from business as held in trust for disinterested public work. As director and chairman of the *N.S. & N.*, his work was always marked by a complete tolerance and a charming humour which salted his Quakerism and made him a delightful companion. Of all the good men we have known, we have yet to come across one who was less dogmatic, less inclined to assume that other people were wrong, more continuously imbued with kindness, common sense and warm affection. He never believed that philanthropy gave the giver the right to exercise power over the lives of others.

Reactions to Malan

A correspondent in Cape Town writes: It is thought here that passage of the Coloured Franchise Bill will be followed by a measure to abolish the four Native Representatives in the Assembly—and, thereafter, to abolish the four Coloured representatives created by the Franchise Bill itself. Malan's objective is permanent power for the Nationalist Party; and these are some of the steps by which, apparently, he means to get it. But another process of quite a different kind is going on at the same time. The Coloured people—who form about one-twelfth of the population of the Union—are being driven from their traditional "pro-European" position to recognise their community of interest with the Africans and Indians.

Standing midway between the Whites and the Blacks, the Coloureds have always tended to side with the Whites—who have encouraged them to do so—and their own anti-Black colour bar is of great depth and age in the Cape Province. What the Nationalists are doing is exactly what General Hertzog warned them they must never do—"drive the Coloureds into the arms of the Native." By the same process the Coloured people, much divided also among themselves, are learning unity of action. This was proved by the one-day strike of May 7, when most factories employing Coloured labour had to close down—setting a precedent of much the same importance as the great African mineworkers' strike of 1946.

Your Copy

Owing to the present conditions it is more important than ever for readers to place a definite order with their newsagent. Should any difficulty be experienced in obtaining the NEW STATESMAN & NATION, the Publisher will be pleased to take the matter up, if the name and address of reader and retailer are given.

NEW STATESMAN & NATION,
10, Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

Counter-Revolution or Peace?

WHO authorised the sensational speech made last Friday by Mr. Rusk, Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs? His official position and his subject matter both exclude any possibility that he was speaking as a private individual; both the supporters and critics of General MacArthur took his statement as proof that the American Government had decided to change its own publicised policy for that of the General whom Mr. Truman had dismissed. Mr. Rusk not only promised more aid to Chiang Kai-shek; he also implied that attempts to overthrow the "Russian colonial" regime on the mainland would receive U.S. support. No wonder that the China Lobby was jubilant. No wonder, too, that U.N. delegations which had just voted for the embargo on China were aghast. If this speech accurately reflected the policy of the Administration, then America's associates had been tricked into a course which leads straight to a war of intervention: Mr. Rusk had abandoned the idea of limited war to defeat aggression, and put in its place the unlimited liability of counter-revolution.

If the answer is that Mr. Rusk has been misunderstood, then the misunderstanding is shared by most American commentators, who do not seem to be impressed by the hurried and embarrassed disclaimer put out by the State Department on Monday. It is quite unconvincing for its spokesman to argue, in the face of Mr. Rusk's carefully chosen phrases, that he said nothing new, or that his remarks were "merely an expression of American friendship for the Chinese people." Did the State Department, however, mean in fact to repudiate its highest official directly concerned with Far Eastern affairs? There have been other occasions when internal differences in the Administration have led to public contradictions, and, on this occasion, General Bradley seems to favour a more moderate policy. But whether or not Mr. Rusk was speaking *ex cathedra*, and whether or not the U.S. Government has irrevocably decided to make such a dangerous and catastrophic change of policy, there is no doubt that it is being pushed rapidly towards the course plotted by Mr. Rusk.

The Rusk affair thus raises most serious questions about Anglo-American relations. To appreciate the difference in outlook between Pennsylvania Avenue and Whitehall, one need only contrast Mr. Rusk's statement with the thoughtful and conciliatory speech made by Mr. Strachey last Saturday. This was the most elaborate declaration of British policy in the Far East yet made by any Minister, and we hope and presume that he was speaking for a Government which has decided to hold tenaciously to this position.

The first premise of the Keighley speech is that the supreme aim is to limit the Korean conflict and to avert a world war. The second is that there would be no foreseeable end to an extended war against China: land operations would be futile, and disastrously prodigal of the strength of the West, while air attack on the Chinese mainland, and the slaughter of millions, would be militarily indecisive, would cement the hold of Communism in China, and would certainly make the peoples of Asia "regard Britain and America as literally the enemies of the human race." Thirdly, restraint is not "appeasement." China, too, is fighting a limited war, and in such a war anomalies are to be expected and accepted. "It would," Mr. Strachey rightly said, "be the simplest thing in the world to be led on step by step into policies which produce the disastrous results which I have indicated." Therefore, to go on to "some apparently reasonable proposal like the cutting off of all trade and intercourse with China" would lead to blockade and then bombing: it would be "sealing the fate of Western man in Asia."

It is a long time since the British Government gave such a clear and encouraging lead on foreign policy. Mr. Strachey did not neglect to point the moral in general terms. "Can it ever," he asked, "be wrong to hope and work for peace on honourable terms?" The problem, however, is to translate this objective from the plane of principle to the plane of action. If the Government means what the Secretary for War has said, a point has already come when Britain must decide, finally and publicly, not to go farther down the MacArthur road. There will be protests at home from the Tories, who have now decided to jump on MacArthur's bandwaggon. There will be increased pressure from Washington. But if the Government sincerely accepts Mr. Strachey's analysis, then it would be cynical and dangerous folly for it to yield one step more, for each successive step becomes a step of principle. At the same time, however, Britain must come forward with positive proposals of its own. Terms of peace must be stated. British troops must not be asked to die for a war of conquest.

Crisis in Spain

(By a Special Correspondent)

THE black heap on the white road looked at first like a dead sheep-dog. We were quite close before we saw it was a man . . . in a frayed dark suit, with one arm bandaged. We pulled up just beyond him. A shepherd walked out of a stony field. We lifted up the limp top part of the body. The man wasn't dead after all; he moaned, blinked, opened a pair of burning eyes in a long fanatic Grecoesque face, began to rock to and fro like an old woman keening over her dead descendants. No. He had not been run over by a motor car. He was on his way to the quarries near the Escorial, where he had the promise of a job. Suddenly he had come over queer. He never said why his arm was bandaged.

I gave him 20 pesetas (about 3s. 10d.). He refused it. If he ate that worth of food at one go, he muttered, he would be sick. With guilt I thought of the 200 pesetas we had just spent on lunch at the Felipe II—the excellent *tortilla con gambas*, the tender veal scallops, the *turrones*—swallowed in an atmosphere which wafted one agreeably back to 1935. The poor devil was stubborn and proud. But surely, said

the shepherd, he possessed some restraint? He needn't eat all the 20 pesetas at once; he could keep some for to-morrow. The man gave in at last, took the money with understandable resentment, dragged himself off down the white road towards the mountains. As we came into Madrid a rising wind whipped up the sand round the still ruined parts of University City, lifted hats off the crowds on their way to the "futbol," spilled new laundered shirts from their lines into the shabby streets below the Plaza Mayor. It would be blowing almost a gale in the hills; I wondered how the weak emaciated body would fight it, let alone find strength to turn against a regime under which life for the Spanish poor grows steadily more harsh.

Yet, for anyone who can profess the slightest experience of pre-Franco Spain, there is an unmistakable smell of crisis on the wind—such a smell as I remembered from 1936. It is easy enough after a brief visit to turn didactic about Spain—the country teems at the moment with English journalists of the genteeler sort, churning out their books on the "Spanish problem"—but I will dare say that he who would analyse this smell of crisis must forget the familiar clichés of Left and Right, of proletariat and capitalist, and get used to the idea that, if Franco's regime is to collapse this summer, it will be overthrown neither by an undernourished people, nor by the handful of devoted Socialists who somehow contrive to keep their faith alive.

For all that, I found a general feeling that never in its life had the administration run such dangers as beset it now. From causes not all of which can be laid at Franco's door—nearly ten years of bad harvests, for instance, the denial of Marshall Aid, the rise in the cost of living throughout the world—the difficulties of life in Spain for all but foreigners have formidably multiplied of late, until discontent and exasperation penetrate into the very ranks of the Army, the Falange, and even the Church. The so-called "Left Wing" of the Falange undoubtedly had an important hand in the wave of strikes which recently swept across the North. However spurious the nature of the corporative syndicates, there seems often to have existed a genuine connivance in these disturbances between workers and the smaller employers; the Civil Service and the Army are miserably paid—a lieutenant receives a bare £7 a month, and even in the Ministerio del Estado many of the highest officials eke out existence only by taking at least two other jobs—so that the loyalty of the executive classes in consequence can no longer be taken for granted. In the development of any revolutionary situation, the precise moment when exasperation turns into an active desire for change is always difficult to isolate. Five months ago, another correspondent warned readers of this journal that there was little immediate prospect of political change. To-day, I would hesitate to repeat this opinion—and that, after drawing my purely Spanish evidence from circles that would be horrified by any accusations of belonging to the Left.

Surveyed dispassionately, the policy of the Western Powers towards Franco since the war seems singularly inconsequential. A maxim of Machiavelli, too often neglected, asserts that if you have an enemy at your mercy, you must either utterly destroy him or win him to your side by kindness; half measures are always disastrous. Yet the half-hearted gestures of withdrawing ambassadors and of denying credits have served only to exasperate. That Franco's ugliest moment within Spain should coincide with that of his apparent victory over the West, may seem a typical paradox of Spanish history; for the Machiavellian it is to be expected.

In fact, the return of ambassadors to Madrid has in one sense robbed Franco's armoury of perhaps its most powerful weapon: he can no longer summon to his support the persecution-mania and the instinctive xenophobia of the Spanish character. While I would not suggest that the easiest method of destroying the present Spanish Government is to affect excessive love for it, the resumption of normal diplomatic relations, far from strengthening the Generalissimo's hand, does seem to have put new heart into his critics. Misguided or not, they feel that the presence in Madrid of ambassadors from the Western nations gives them a chance to speak their minds.

A few months ago, the talk of immediate revolt would perhaps have been whispered only by a Left-wing "underground" all too prone to take hopes for evidence. To-day, it is to be heard even in circles that speak only with contempt of Negrin and Prieto. If a change is to come this year, it will be the work of the Right, a Right no longer convinced that the present Government embodies the formula most efficient and best suited to its interests. And, this being so, all would appear to depend upon the army, when the prospect of a *coup d'état* this summer is seriously discussed. Nearly half the Budget is absorbed by the armed forces; yet officers are compelled to supplement their pay by extra-curricular work, and privates by selling a part of their double rations of oil and bread. The senior generals are said to be irritated by Franco's hesitations over the succession; there exists in readiness a Council of Regency over which the Archbishop of Toledo would probably preside. But, perhaps from vanity, the Generalissimo seems never seriously to have faced the problem of what is to happen after his death.

In theory, the future of Spain is monarchic; any respectable male Spaniard who has attained the age of 35 is eligible for election to the throne. In practice, there is no choice between the re-establishment of the Republic, unlikely to be accomplished without violence, or a Bourbon restoration. The official attitude, swallowed wholesale by Franco's English propagandists, is that Don Juan is unsuitable, though his son might possibly do. Privately there is a feeling that Franco, in the elegant if windy isolation of the Prado, is as unconscious of his inevitable mortality as he is of the immediate defects of his rule. The industrialists decry the cumbersome corruption of his economic policy; his fumbling attempts at State Socialism, of which the Instituto Nacional de Industria is the principal example, are dismissed as *cajas* (literaliy "boxes" or "rackets") directly responsible to him, and hallowed playgrounds for his "boys." They regard him as well-intentioned but ill-informed of the cancers that eat at Spain. Certainly his knowledge of the outside world is disarmingly jejune.

Short of a disastrous miracle, the 1951 harvest will be good. This, and the obsession of all decent Spaniards with the slaughter of the last civil war, may well stave off "trouble" till American intervention becomes effective. The American bankers are cautious in their grants; but Franco's press affects to exploit a gap between the White House and the Pentagon. For the moment it is sternly ranged behind MacArthur; and the normal development of the Spanish tragedy may well be obscured and deformed by the desperate search of American brass-hats for allies in a war which they now seem to regard as inevitable. They are obsessed by the potential worth of Spain's 18 ill-armed though well-disciplined divisions; American jet-planes whistle their advertisement through the mercilessly clear air above Madrid; American naval and air missions throng the hotels; their uncouth, unconscious arrogance does more for the Russian cause in Spain than all the surreptitious efforts of the Communists. The new American diplomatic representative, Ambassador Griffiths, comes to Madrid from Buenos Aires, confident in the belief that he knows how to "get close to dictators."

If Franco survives this summer, his ultimate fate may well be submerged in the vast clash of West *versus* East. But should he disappear from the scene in the next few months, there may be a chance for a common-sense policy that has been rare in the story of Spain. The overseas friends of Spain, with minds clear of sentimentality, must look for what is practicable. Let us have no hand in shoring up the present Spanish Government for strategic reasons. At the same time we must remember that active foreign intervention in Spanish politics has always ended in tears; that Spaniards still mourn the million and a half who died in the civil war; and that Spain, still a country of peasants, must find, for itself, liberators who are not, as so often in the past, exclusively town-minded, and who are not ideologically foreign.

London Diary

Our queueing habit really runs to excess. It demonstrates the sound idea of fair shares and self-discipline, but it becomes comic when, as happened last week, a queue formed behind a couple of Scandinavian visitors who merely stood studying a plan of the Exhibition. It seems that people queue up automatically, not knowing whether the other end of the queue is the Telekinema, a restaurant or a lavatory. Even organisers who usually find the queueing habit very useful in organising big crowds can be embarrassed by it. At the week-end, for instance, the broad fairway down the middle of the Exhibition was for hours made impassable by an endless serpentine queue which only with the greatest difficulty could be persuaded to turn itself into a couple of circles moving in opposite directions round the Dome of Discovery. Inside the Dome, I am told that people do not walk round in a steady stream, but tend to cut out most of the exhibits below and make a bee-line to the top gallery for the pleasure of looking down on the mill stream below them. I am glad to hear that they have this much

independence. It upsets the time schedule, of course, if the stream sometimes coagulates, but if it did not, one would have to admit that people had given up altogether the right of individual choice. In that case, why not a single moving staircase taking everyone through an allotted route or, better still, why not show people into chairs on arrival and carry all the exhibits past them on a conveyor belt?

* * *

It is the crush round particular buildings, not any lack of open space (as I wrongly prophesied) that presents difficulties in the Exhibition. One great improvement has been the introduction of a large number of wheeled snack bars; instead of standing in a queue for a hot meal, you buy your food and picnic near the water. Even so, there remain many, too many, people queued up at the restaurants. This congestion could be greatly eased by the simple device of making food obtainable at a different counter from coffee and tea. As it is, scores of people wait to get their drink while food-gatherers block the way. When they get the food it is mostly, in my experience, depressing, tasteless and conventional. Food at the pre-war Paris Exhibition was so delicious that the prestige of France as a place to live and visit went up all over the world. The materials for delicious meals are not available here in the same quantity to-day, but any Continental cook could make good meals out of the materials that in London are often made to taste like sawdust and dirty water.

* * *

I have just received the full text of a statement made earlier this month by Walter Nash, the Leader of the New Zealand Labour Party. It is an indictment of the Tory Government's handling of the prolonged waterfront strike. He points out that he and other Labour speakers have been forbidden so much as to refer to the Emergency Regulations; that the Opposition has been denied all access to the radio; and that efforts are being made to prevent Labour M.P.s even addressing public meetings. Mr. Holland, the Prime Minister, has repeatedly refused to call Parliament together and, though the watersiders have accepted the rules the Government laid down for a return to work, conflict continues under something like a reign of terror and violence. Mr. Nash adds:

> . . . allegedly to prevent the introduction of a form of government repugnant to the British way of life, the Government is acting in exactly the same way as other Governments which later ended in dictatorship.

From all I hear from friends recently arrived from New Zealand, the mild-mannered Mr. Nash understates his case. I have before me copies of clandestine fly-sheets. Even to possess copies of these is now an offence. The Emergency Regulations are so stringent that a recent issue of the New Zealand liberal monthly, *Here and Now*, was unable to publish any comment on the strike and had to confine itself to reprinting the wild and provocative statements of Government papers. The conflict (which now seems likely to spread to Australian ports) is supposed to be between the New Zealand State and a Communist union. But the accounts I have read suggest that the whole Constitutional right to oppose is at stake.

Speaking last week at Sawston Village College to some four hundred teachers from Cambridge schools, I realised how much influence a man may have if he makes up his mind early about something he wants to do, and stays to see it through instead of cashing in on his first success by accepting some more honorific appointment. Henry Morris was an undergraduate with me thirty years ago. Even then I remember that he was interested in education, not as a theory, but as something that he had to do something about. Why should only privileged undergraduates of Oxford and Cambridge be educated in lovely surroundings? Why should it be assumed that the advantages of music and drama and college life and the companionship of scholars should be theirs alone? Why not schools and clubs and village halls and the libraries all built together so that people from a wide surrounding area would have the chance to develop their common cultural life? At Sawston this idea began to take shape over twenty years ago, and the dream is now a practical and happy reality. Since then Morris has founded three other village centres in Cambridge, and the idea has been taken up in many other parts of the country. Morris himself is now adviser on such matters to those who build the New Towns. Without such an adviser the planners would be perfectly capable of making a grand job of the drains and the roads and completely forget that in a living town there should also be a place for music, dancing and acting, a library for those who read, and a hall where people who are not bored with ideas can meet.

* * *

I am now reminded by a correspondent, who read my reference to the "Six-Hit Case" last week, that cricket clubs can insure against the less exhilarating consequences of these rare swipes. They can get "cover" up to £50,000 for a 30s. premium, this figure being suggested by the possibility that a ball coming out of the ground might knock out a bus-driver and cause grave injury to 30 or 40 passengers. They can also, I gather, insure against the collapse of the pavilion balcony-rail, food-poisoning among the visiting team, and small children getting under the heavy roller. Provided all this will not encourage carelessness, I welcome and approve of it. But it will do nothing to reduce my watchfulness when I hear the crack of a boundary-hit, since every case is to be "decided on its merits" and clubs will in future be held liable for "probable" but not necessarily for "possible" accidents. What about a policy for people living or passing near cricket grounds, with a penny premium for a fractured skull?

* * *

A small boy who heard the screams of a rabbit in an iron trap ran to the rescue and tore up and hid many of these foul instruments of torture. The magistrate tried, I'm sure, to temper justice with good feeling when he told the boy that "while it was a good thing for young people to be kind to animals, they should not trespass on private property to do so." Should they not? Would the magistrate say the same thing if it was a horse or dog which was being tortured? For many years decent people have tried to get these iron gins made illegal; how many of them are prepared to follow this small boy in trespassing on their neighbour's land to tear up these abominations? It is the sort of trespass for which we may confidently ask forgiveness in our prayers even if not, as yet, in a magistrate's court. CRITIC

THE OILY ROAD TO ABADAN

SCENE: Parliament Square, Teheran.

Deputies of the Majlis:
Away with British hands on Persian soil!
The Government is scattering largesse!
We confiscate Anglo-Iranian oil,
Concessions were extorted by duress.

The Moslem League spontaneously will arm
When paratroopers drop on Abadan,
God chooses Persia to avenge Islam,
Anglo-Iranian Oilfields for Irán!

Britain (by Note):
Great Britain takes a sympathetic view
And seeks agreement to her Three Point Plan,
With increase of Iranian revenue.

The Anti-Imperialist Oil Exploitation Front:
Anglo-Iranian Oilfields for Irán!

Mullah Ayatullah Kashani (by gramophone record):
Islam is not appeased at any price,
The Persians will no compromise explore;
The serpent must quit Persia's paradise,
Or else the Faithful turn to Holy War.

America (by cable):
We counsel neither party to get tough—
Are there not oilfields also in Kuwait?
Let Persia cease hysterical rebuff,
Let Britain peacefully negotiate.

Persian Government (by aide-mémoire):
Does Washington presume to interfere?
Irán resents this unprovoked attack.
While bloodsucking exploiters profiteer,
America stabs Persia in the back!

The Anglo-Iranian Company (by post-card):
Behold, we now stand ready to discuss
A new agreement on petroleum,
With royalties extremely generous,
So why is Persia's Oil Commission dumb?

Prime Minister Mohhamed Moussadek, swooning (by telephone):
I cannot move in case I should be shot,
And also I feel slightly indisposed,
But I have crushed Great Britain's evil plot
And her satanic wickedness exposed.

Great Britain (by Note):
A breach of friendliness we would regret,
We no reciprocal arrangement ban,
Reluctantly resorting to a threat . . .

Deputies of the Majlis (by Vote):
Get the hell out of Oilfields of Irán.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

"After all," as she puts it, "it's a beauty contest. And if the judges are going to look for poise and personality and all that, and the girls are wearing afternoon frocks, well, I don't quite understand where the judges are going to look, if you see what I mean."—Report in *Daily Herald*. (L. A. Rouse.)

This Festival of Britain show has been planned by Northleach Women's Institute to raise funds for village improvements.

Children are to dress as highwaymen and will sell souvenirs. There will be a mock trial of a dummy witch, and later it will be pilloried, ducked, beaten and finally burned at the stake.—*Evening Standard*. (Trudi Ballam.)

Needlewoman Undertakes Refined Shirt Repairs, etc.—Advt. in *Cambridge Daily News*. (G. M. Edwards.)

Troisième Force

THIS is no routine election. As M. Herriot—now a man of nearly 80—exclaimed at the end of his emotional address to the Radical Congress:

> Never, on the eve of an election, have I felt such anguish as to-day; either the Parliamentary Republic will be saved, or else there will be violent clashes that may put an end to a regime which, since 1870, has given good results.

He described the new French electoral system as a "monster," but said that the Radicals must "accommodate themselves" to it in order to save the Republic from the double threat of Communism and Gaullism. Although he called the Communists all the names imaginable, it was clear that he considered Gaullism the greater and more immediate of the two dangers, and he begged the Radicals on no account to "associate" with Gaullist candidates in any constituency. In their turn, the M.R.P. and the Socialists too, have been calling it a "regrettable" and "deplorable" system, all of them forgetting that they took months to work it out, and that finally they all voted for it. The explanation? It seems that all the Third Force parties have become conscious of an important fact in the last week or so, since the electoral reform was voted: it has been very badly received in the country.

The purpose of the electoral reform was to "keep the Communists and the Gaullists out" and to assure the success of the Third Force—*des vraies forces républicaines*. In other words, the election results were being "legally cooked in advance," as somebody put it. One might dislike both Gaullists and Communists, but if one respected the Sacred Will of the Sovereign People, it didn't look nice. Either you believed in democratic elections, or you didn't; but one really couldn't have it both ways. No wonder the Senate kicked. And the Third Force parties now realise that the reform may well produce the very opposite results from those intended. As a protest against all the hanky-panky, many voters who, under P.R., would have voted for the Radicals, or M.R.P., or the "classical" Right, will now be sorely tempted to vote for the Gaullists, while many people with a "Leftist" temperament may vote Communist, if only because the Communists at least know their own mind.

Moreover, the muddle over the *apparentements* is likely in many constituencies to play into the hands of the Gaullists. Take Brittany, for example. The question of religious schools is of the greatest importance there. If a clerical M.R.P. candidate is "associated" with an anti-clerical Socialist or Radical, the Catholic voter will obviously say to himself that, by voting for the M.R.P. man, he may get him elected; but, in doing so, he will also help the anti-clerical to get elected. So why not simply vote for the Gaullist? In other constituencies the Communists may benefit from similar considerations.

The great question is whether the Third Force parties can, by hook or by crook, get at least 350 seats out of the 620; if they fall below that, then it will obviously be farewell to the Fourth Republic. To be on the safe side, they really ought to get 400, because otherwise their Right Wing might easily join up with de Gaulle. Much interest, by the way, has been aroused by a recent *New York Times* article, playing down the "neutralist" demagogy of some of the General's recent speeches and pointing out, on the contrary, what a reliable ally of America he will make of France, with his advocacy of a mighty French army, the large-scale rearmament of Germany, and all the rest of it. Including, of course, the outlawing of the Communists, and the replacement of the trade unions by an "association of capital and labour" strikingly reminiscent of Mussolini's Italy.

All these convulsions seem singularly remote at the moment—but are they? Or will provincial France save the Third Force in the end? That seemed to be the hope that kept the Socialists, at their great annual Congress in Paris last week, alive. What a strange party the French Socialists are! They represent simultaneously two things—a team of men who have taken the responsibility of running the Fourth Republic jointly with a motley crew of other Third Force politicians; and a lot of pure sentiments, illusions and traditions. Two years ago, in the last public speech he made, Léon Blum piped in his high-pitched voice: "*La classe ouvrière est à nous, à NOUS!*" It is—but only to a very, very small extent. Perhaps one-quarter of the miners vote Socialist, and a lot of *petits fonctionnaires*. The real working-class voters, however, are mostly Communist; or, when not Communist, then Christian-Democrats. But the Socialist rank-and-file do not like to be reminded of this; and, when Jules Moch made an evident bid for middle-class votes, indicating, in effect, that the working class were a hopeless bunch, as far as the French Socialists were concerned, he was severely punished for such cynicism.

A year ago, Moch behaved like the Strong Man, like the real Leader of the French Socialists; now he even failed to be elected to the Socialist Executive. Perhaps the combined Communist-M.R.P. vote that nearly got him dragged before the High Court for the alleged part he had played, as Minister of the Interior, in hushing up the Peyré scandal, perhaps his precipitous climb-down over German rearmament, and perhaps also his harsh authoritarian personality had something to do with his defeat; but probably the chief reason for it was that he had decided to speak to the Socialists in a spirit of ruthless "realism." They were a Government party, he said, which must co-operate with the other Third Force parties; and, failing the working class, they must find their clientele among the middle class. Thrift, he added, must be encouraged, and savings used productively; and, as for workers' rights, railwaymen and others were being pensioned off far too early in life, now that, with the progress of medicine, the average lease of life was ten years more than before. In short, too much money was being spent on pensions. All of which was in contradiction with the much more "Socialist" ideas of André Philip and others who harped on the necessity of "making the rich pay" and of building houses and schools and defending social security and social justice.

A resolution was passed against German rearmament, and another in favour of the sliding scale. Much was said about the internationalist spirit of the French Socialists; a speech by a Spanish Republican on the heroic struggle of the working class that was now sweeping Spain, and begging France to do nothing more to encourage Franco and not to hand over to him the Spanish Republicans still in France, caused an atmosphere of embarrassed emotion. Suddenly the audience burst into song. Fervently they sang the *Internationale*; but then the chairman stood up and reminded the audience that "if the workers of Spain ever joined forces with the Stalinists, then all their heroic sacrifices would have been in vain." The anti-Communism of the French Socialists is, indeed, profound and genuine—both among the leaders and the *militants*. It may not be quite so strong among the Socialist voters; but at the Congress, the anti-Communist note was even stronger than the anti-Gaullism; the bookstall was stacked with anti-Soviet books, and also with old fly-stained copies of Guesde and Jaurès. The Socialists want desperately to believe in decent democracy, and perhaps the real high-light of the Congress was when Barbara Castle, like an angel come down from the Socialist heaven of England, spoke to the French Socialists, black with the sins of Coalition, and unhappily conscious of their blackness. It is to "save Socialism," or a tiny little bit of Socialism, that the French Socialists are determined to ally themselves with anybody — "even with the Devil," one of them said—to keep the Gaullists and the Communists out.

At the Vélodrome d'Hiver a few days later, 40,000 or 50,000 Communists came to hear Jacques Duclos. An ocean of faces; red and tricolour draperies on the platform; a giant portrait of Thorez; red and tricolour flags—all the paraphernalia of a "mass movement." The emphasis was on struggle, struggle, and more struggle, and on "victory over the dark forces of reaction and war." It was all about France in the vanguard of the struggle for peace and against Fascism; the phrase "France will never make war on the Soviet Union" aroused a tremendous cheer; but, on the whole, the Soviet Union was played down; there were no pictures of Stalin; it was for the peace and happiness of *France*—France *über alles*, one might almost say—that the Communists were waging their electoral battle.

Here, far more than at the Socialist Congress, the danger of a Gaullist *coup d'état* was stressed; not by words, but by deeds would the Communists oppose a Fascist dictatorship in France. Despite the fantastic amount of money spent in France on anti-Communist propaganda, this line may greatly help the Communists in the election. Present forecasts give them not only far more votes but also many more seats than was expected at the time the electoral reform was first hatched.

Paris, May 21. ALEXANDER WERTH

Promise Unfulfilled

DURING the war a well-meant questionnaire was circulated among a group of London children from bombed-out homes. Its purpose was to try to get some idea of the effect of air-raid disaster on the child mind. Among other things the children were encouraged to write down impressions of their personal experiences. One eight-year-old orphan wrote: "I am nothing and nobody. My cat was stuck on the wall. I tried to get her off but they threw my cat away." The stark sentences tell their own story. It hardly needs a trained psychologist to explain why the writer of them should have joined the lengthening queue of educational problem cases on the L.C.C. list and subsequently become labelled as a maladjusted child—modern symbol of a soul-sick society. What *is* a maladjusted child? With unusual imagination but unconscious irony the Ministry of Education has defined the official classification as "the child of unfulfilled promise." So far as the child is concerned, no phrase could be more apt; and, equally, no promise implicit in the Act of 1944 has remained so largely unfulfilled as that which undertook to provide special educational treatment for such children.

There is a world of difference between the child that is born stupid and the child that becomes so through force of circumstance. In the latter class may be placed both educationally sub-normal and maladjusted children. But while the I.Q. of the educationally sub-normal child is usually low, that of a great many maladjusted children is as high as, if not higher than, the I.Q. of their normal classmates; but the ability to learn is heavily retarded by psychological dis-

turbances. From the teacher's point of view the maladjusted child may be just as "unteachable" in ordinary school as the naturally backward pupil; and his often anti-social behaviour makes him far more difficult to handle. But experience has proved that, given special treatment, there is every hope of a maladjusted child once more becoming a well-balanced, healthy and happy individual able to achieve normal standards.

Officially speaking, there were no maladjusted children before 1944. Actually, of course, there were plenty. But since they were not recognised as such, no special educational treatment was available for them except in privately run schools. These were filled with the problem children of the well-to-do. For those educated by the State there was no alternative to being indiscriminately labelled "backward" and thenceforth sent to an establishment above whose doors might well have been inscribed: "All hope abandon ye who enter here." For, once there, they were unlikely to receive any further education except on the level of that provided for the mentally defective.

The Act of 1944 was an attempt at rescue. The eleven categories of handicapped children defined in the Act included, for the first time, a separate classification for the child of "unfulfilled promise." Ways and means by which that promise might yet be fulfilled were outlined. Educational authorities throughout the country were empowered to provide the necessary facilities for special educational treatment of maladjusted cases; such facilities were to include residential schools and hostels, day schools and special classes wherever they were needed.

It is now seven years since the Act was passed—seven years during which the numbers of maladjusted children have increased on what an L.C.C. education officer has called a "terrifying" scale. The disasters of war and their aftermath have not alone been responsible. Other kinds of disaster—cruelty, immorality, divorce, broken homes—can breed in our children an emotional instability more damaging to the spirit than high explosives. But the Special Schools which were to help the small unhappy victims of social insecurity back to normal development—where are they? In the whole of the L.C.C. area only one Special School for maladjusted children is officially recognised. This is a residential school at Peckham, with room for no more than 45 children. The L.C.C. controls two other special boarding schools outside the area, but vacancies in any of the three are rare and the majority of maladjusted schoolchildren in London have to be placed on the waiting list. A few go to special day classes. But there are only 12 of these, taking about eight children at a time, and it is usually impossible to arrange for any child to attend a class oftener than once, or at the most twice, a week.

In the period from April, 1949 to March last year 1,558 new problem cases came up for consideration by L.C.C. Divisional Case Conferences. Of the 3,067 old cases dealt with during the same period 12 per cent. were maladjusted; and, in the opinion of those who spend their lives working among children, this figure represents only a fraction of the actual number of maladjusted cases still left unaided in the back streets of Greater London. The Ministry of Education's original estimate put maladjustment at one per cent. of the total school population registered in this country, but L.C.C. education officers have every reason to believe that the percentage has been more than doubled since 1944; and in the provinces the situation is even worse. Brighton, for example, with its population of nearly a quarter of a million and a proportionally large number of schoolchildren, has no Special School or classes for maladjusted children at all.

In the kindly and sympathetic atmosphere of a Special School the maladjusted child is first relieved both of the necessity to compete against normally balanced children and the discouragement of constant failure. Away from the conflicts of home and normal school, he is free to work out his problems with the help of trained teachers. Guided into channels of self-expression which most easily release his natural abilities, he finds he is no longer at odds with himself: distrust in others is broken down, self-confidence built up. Finally he is once more able to face life on equal terms with everyone else and continue with normal schooling. Given reasonable co-operation by parents, every maladjusted child treated in this way has an excellent chance of remaining normally "teachable" for the rest of his school career. But if the hope and purpose of Special Schools are to be fulfilled, many more are needed.

NANCY SALKELD

Puerto Rican Journey

II.—In the Land of Promise

JOSE MORALES heard the call of New York when he was twenty-three. In the summer of 1947 he left his home in San Juan and took the aeroplane to New York. For a time he lived with friends in the Bronx, but since his marriage two years ago he has lived in a two-room cold-water walk-up at the top of a brownstone apartment house in Spanish Harlem. He and his wife, Maria, have been lucky: they have found the limited success which seems so dazzling by Puerto Rican standards.

José is a semi-skilled worker in a factory making toys and children's games. In San Juan he earned about $12 a week. Now, as a member of the Toy and Novelty Workers Union, he makes a little more than $50 a week. To help out the family income, Maria works part time in a garment sweat-shop, a trade which has traditionally relied on cheap labour from immigrant women. Her earnings add another $25. Although this gives them comparative prosperity, their apartment is in poor repair and requires frequent visits from the vermin exterminator. Even so, its rent is high. Like many Negroes, the Puerto Ricans suffer from rack-renting and overcrowding. "The roof leaks," Maria complains, "there is no heating, and the garbage men never seem to come our way." On the landings on the way up to the apartment you stumble over trash-cans bulging with household refuse. But José and Maria comfort themselves with the thought that even this shabby home is far better than either of them enjoyed back home on the island. Here, at least, they have running water, a flush toilet, electricity and a refrigerator.

Their leisure follows a simple pattern. Once or twice a week they go to the cinema, usually to one of the Spanish-speaking theatres in the neighbourhood. As often, they entertain or go visiting. Much of the Puerto Rican community spends its social life on the streets, especially in summer, when the warm, humid nights drive people out of the stuffy tenements. On a hot summer night in a Puerto Rican district, hundreds of men and women, dressed in light clothes, lounge at the street corners or sit on the steps of the houses. "At home," says Maria, "we used to sit around the plaza. Here, now, we sit on the sidewalk."

The life of the Morales is fairly typical of the young Puerto Ricans who have made a place for themselves in the city. But there are others less fortunate. In the survey which Professor Mills made recently for Columbia University he shows that, although most immigrants receive higher wages than they did at home, they have to accept an occupational downgrading. One in five, for example, held a white-collar or professional job on the island: only one in ten manages to find a similar post in New York. Most of the others drift into unskilled work, though less than 20 per cent. of the migrants were unskilled workers before they left home. All the same, even the most menial job in New York brings at least double the wages paid on the island. Only one immigrant in twenty-five earned more than forty dollars a week before he came to the United States: now nearly half of them earn more than that.

The outsider, visiting the slums of Spanish Harlem, may find them in sharp contrast to the fine blocks of Peter Cooper Village downtown. But, to the arriving Puerto Ricans, their new homes are equally luxurious by comparison with the housing conditions under which most of these immigrants have grown up on the island. For a time this mitigates the Puerto Rican resentment at the tenements in which the majority live in the city. But, before long, they come to agree with the verdict of the Welfare Council of New York in a study of Puerto Rican housing in the city:

> . . . landlords do not make repairs . . . tenants are afraid to report violations, because upon official inspection the whole house may be condemned. If a building is condemned, the Housing Authority must rehouse the tenants, and this the Authority cannot do because there are no vacancies. . . . The result is continuous deterioration of houses and lowering of living conditions.

There is no officially recognised community organisation or advice bureau to which the Puerto Rican immigrant, strange to the ways of American life, can turn for help in settling down in New York and in solving the problems which face him. Rather than go to public agencies, where there may be no one who speaks Spanish, the immigrant will rely upon the advice of his friends and compatriots. It was this difficulty that, for years, enabled Vito Marcantonio to roll up a substantial proportion of the Puerto Rican votes in the Eighteenth Congressional District. Until he was defeated last November, Congressman Marcantonio made himself the professional friend of the Puerto Ricans in public life. He built his machine by giving these people the same kind of "welfare service" which the traditional Tammany boss gave the immigrants in the past. His politics—which never varied much from the Communist line—were really immaterial to these people. Their votes were given in exchange for help. And it was in search of that help that many Puerto Ricans, along with Italians, Hungarians and Czechs, would crowd into Marcantonio's headquarter's on Second Avenue, where they could talk to the Spanish-speaking assistants who could give them advice and help. Marcantonio himself speaks Spanish, and he uses it in speeches and in talking to voters who stop him in the street.

Few Puerto Ricans ever go back to the island for more than a visit. But what chance do they have of assimilating themselves to American life? And can they make a success of their immigration? During the latter part of the last century, when the "huddled masses" of Europe were dumped by the immigrant ships at the Battery, the American economy was pyramiding on the wealth of a continent, and many of the new arrivals rose with it. But to-day,

although the economy continues to expand it is less flexible and its caste lines are more sharply drawn. Since most of the Puerto Ricans are in unskilled or semi-skilled work and their education and knowledge of English are limited, few of this generation can hope to rise far in professional or business worlds. To the degree that low status and lack of occupational diversity limit their experience, their chance of adequate assimilation is also restricted. Moreover, a high proportion of the immigrants are women, who lead a more limited and domestic life, and thus act as a brake upon assimilation. Finally, there is the curious complication of race. Many of the Puerto Ricans are Negroes or "Grifoes" (part Negro). As long as, by speech and culture, they can assert the fact that they are *Puerto Ricans*, they hope to escape some of the discrimination which the American Negro experiences. This gives them a vested interest in being, and remaining, different, and it is from this group that the strongest resistance to assimilation comes.

Over the years, the Puerto Rican community has become a considerable social problem for New York and it seems likely to remain so for some time. The history of other and earlier immigrants shows how long and difficult the process of "Americanisation" can be, especially when the group concerned is divided from the majority by differences of speech, culture, and occupation, and when those differences are perpetuated by living conditions which come close to the introverted isolation of an ethnic ghetto.

JEANNE MACKENZIE

Tale of a Tile

"COME," says the great poet of our haunted age, "come, and I will show you fear in a handful of dust." But the farmer, doubtless in full if unconscious reaction against both Waste Lands and Hollow Men, offers a more encouraging invitation. "Come," he says, "and I will show you achievement in a handful of wrought clay," and he produces the land drainage tile-pipe which is a hollow clay tube a foot long and between three inches and a foot in diameter. You look down one end, you look down the other end, and that, physically, is that. Yet in reality this tile-pipe is one of the most important of all agricultural tools and a great deal of our food depends on it. For consider the problem mathematically. One inch of rainfall deposits on one acre of ground one hundred tons of water; the average farm in this country covers some eighty acres; and the rainfall of a suitably average county is about thirty-five inches annually. In the course of a year, therefore, the average English farm receives from on high a little over *a quarter of a million tons* of water. Such is the drainage tile's task.

Admittedly, some of this staggering mass of water evaporates, and some is transpired by plants. But the fate of much of it depends on the type of soil where it falls. Its natural tendency is, of course, downwards and, according to the strata and the lie of the land, it may percolate rapidly, slowly, or hardly at all, it may remain quietly underground, or it may come up again somewhere else. And all this can be very dangerous for the farmer. For though water is an essential of plant life, its excess may cause plant starvation or death; the presence of too much water in the soil hinders both the formation of a good soil-structure and the development of a good root-system, thus limiting the food resources and consequent growth of the crop. Further, "wet and is late land" since it is slow to warm up in the spring and cannot carry implements without suffering damage until it is sufficiently dry, so that both the growth and cultivation of crops is delayed. Indeed, the water-content of the soil is in many parts of this country one of the chief limiting factors in crop-production.

The men of the Old Farming dealt with this problem by "surface drainage"—open ditches or their little brothers, the furrows between the ridged ploughland which still pattern so much of our farmland; and it was primarily by these ancient means that their successors, in the days of the Agricultural Revolution, won so much of the wetlands for their farms. It was, for instance, with ditches that Telford tackled the Maltraeth Marsh and Roscoe the dreaded Chat Moss. But in the decades after Waterloo new challenges came to the farm, for the emphasis shifted from increasing the acreage of farmland by reclamation to increasing the yields of existing farmland by improvement. And one of the most important and effective responses to these challenges was the new technique of "deep drainage" by buried culverts which rid the soil of surplus water yet allowed the cultivation of the surface of the soil which covered them; in short, ditches went underground. Now, this was nothing new in principle, for enterprising men had long laid crude underground channels of brushwood or stone. But what was new was the means whereby this was done, the revolutionary clay tile-pipe.

The process can be studied in the generations of the drainers, each man a step farther from the farm than the last. First, in the 1760s, Joseph Elkington, a Warwickshire farmer, developed a technique of intercepting springs which was, in effect, merely a more thoughtful method of using the traditional tool of the ditch; then, sixty years later, James Smith, a Scots farmer with an industrial background, combined engineering principles with old drainage materials in his system of underground channels of stones; and finally in Early Victorian times, came Josiah Parkes, an engineer *pur sang*, a manufacturer's son who had served his time in the mill. For by now the new factor of the cylindrical tile-pipe, invented in 1845 by an ingenious gardener, had entered agricultural economy, and the farmer at last possessed a cheap, enduring and reliable method of deep draining land. But the price he paid was economic dependence. He could make his own ditches and underground culverts but he relied on the factory for his tile-pipes and, generally, on the specialist drainer for the detailed surveys their laying demanded. For the new methods produced a new type of man, the land drainage consultant who provided the farmer with the physical and professional tools which, in simpler times, he had provided for himself. And in this divorce between necessary agricultural knowledge and the ownership or occupation of farmland was a portent; the farmer was beginning to shed some of his industrial load on to the technician.

Together, the farmer and the technician did great things; the economic times were with them, and in the generation between 1845 and 1880 they improved with their tile-pipes between two and three million acres, well over five per cent. of the entire land surface of England and Wales. Not all the work was well done, for the deep drainers were learning their trade, but the total benefit was enormous. Huge areas of farmland lay drier and warmer, producing better and earlier crops at less expense and, in particular, the heavier clays, once freed of their deadening burden of surplus water, yielded their inherent fertility to the cultivator with less labour and less risk. Truly, therefore, did many farmers of the time call the tile-pipes "the most profitable crop they had ever planted." Indeed, it was, physically, a remarkable achievement, averaging, say, four hundred yards of digging, laying and backfilling to the acre, all done by hand, frequently in heavy clay and sometimes to a depth of four feet. So great was the labour of preparing the wetlands for the coming of the High Farming; so false is it to assess the agricultural industry purely in terms of the cultivation of crops and the care of stock.

Then, in the last generation of the nineteenth century, came the great depression; and one of the first economic casualties was deep drainage: the impoverished and disheartened farming industry could no longer undertake this singularly expensive and long-term form of agricultural investment. Indeed, it could not even maintain existing work. For while in theory there is no particular reason why a well-laid tile-scheme should ever cease to function, this happy state of permanence depends on a good outfall to the ditch which carries the water away. And as the decades passed and the hopes and resources of the farming community weakened, the silt in the neglected ditches mounted until it passed the level of these outfalls so that the tile-pipes, no longer cleansed by the flow of the water they carried, gradually filled with deposit. Thus, one by one, the tile schemes choked and died and the labour and skill of a whole generation of the deep drainers mouldered uselessly in the underground silences. Spreading, untidy hedges and choked ditches, forgotten tile-schemes and soggy, sour, degenerating land were all too common in the England of the '30s. And this was at once a cause and a symptom of agricultural decay.

Then, in 1939, the necessities of war restored to the countryside the old incentives which plentiful and unhindered imports of food had banished a lifetime before, and among the primary tools to be refurbished was the art and science of the deep drainer. But two generations of depression had dealt harshly with the resources of British farming and, here as elsewhere, war underlined the deficiencies of peace; in particular, the profession of the agricultural drainer had virtually perished in the lean years. The prime mover in the new land drainage campaign was, therefore, the State. It provided capital for drainage work in the form of grants; it recruited a cadre of technical officers; it collected and distributed machinery, including strange imported equipment unlike anything seen before on a British farm; and it organised labour-gangs who were reinforced, as the years went on, by strange allies from overseas. First the Italians, a Mediterranean and peasant people who took kindly neither to the English climate nor to gang-work by the clock; then the Germans, docile, disciplined, meticulous in the finish of their work and, for a time at least, of a quite incredible industry; and finally, more pitiful than the captured soldiers of defeated armies, the Displaced Persons. It was, indeed, a varied force which continued the traditions of the Mid-Victorians.

The most obvious line of attack was the ditch. By 1950 some five and three-quarter million acres, say a fifth of our farmland, had been improved by this means. But the nation was also concerned with more enduring benefits, for in the same period nearly a million acres were deep-drained with the tile-pipes, no mere emergency measure but a sign of future purpose and confidence. For tile-drainage, which may cost almost as much as the capital value of the land it improves and should last a lifetime, is essentially

GOVERNMENT PUBLICATIONS

Statistical Digest of the War

Statistics of major importance socially, economically and strategically during the war collated so that their inter-relationship may be readily observed. 32s. 6d. (33s. 4d.)

National Income and Expenditure

Estimates for the United Kingdom from 1946-1950 as compared with those of 1938. (Cmd. 8203) 1s. 9d. (1s. 11d.)

Town and Country Planning, 1943-51

Progress Report on the work of the Ministry from the date of its establishment until it was merged in the Ministry of Local Government and Planning. (Cmd. 8204) 5s. (5s. 3d.)

Guide to London Museums and Galleries

Designed to assist visitors to London to locate the principal collections and the most important exhibits they house. 2s. (2s. 3d.)

Prices in brackets include postage.

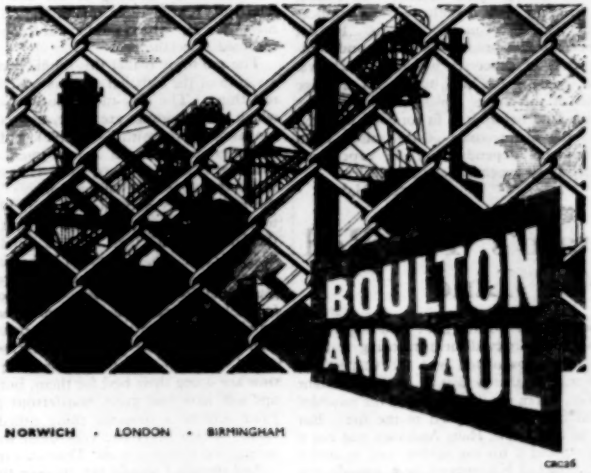
H. M. STATIONERY OFFICE

York House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2; 429 Oxford Street, London, W.1. (Post Orders: P.O. Box 569, London, S.E.1.); 13A Castle Street, Edinburgh 2; 39 King Street, Manchester 2; 2 Edmund Street, Birmingham 3; 1 St. Andrew's Crescent, Cardiff; Tower Lane, Bristol 1; 80 Chichester Street, Belfast;

OR THROUGH ANY BOOKSELLER

WHEN THE FENCING IS BY BOULTON AND PAUL ... IT'S A FIRST CLASS JOB

STEEL CONSTRUCTION · WOODWORKING · WIRE FENCING & GATES · SHEET METAL WORK



NORWICH · LONDON · BIRMINGHAM

CBC26

Are we in a jam, Auntie?

It's the nearest thing to a traffic jam I've seen lately.

Have they all run out of petrol?

No—they're all trying to get to the same place. But that reminds me—I must fill up.

Which pump shall I look for?

You'd better get to know the BP shield—that's the pump we'll be using when brands are back.

When *will* BP be back, Auntie?

Touch wood, my dear nephew, I'm hoping it won't be long now!

BP is the trade-mark of ANGLO-IRANIAN OIL COMPANY, LTD., whose whole organisation is behind it.

"Bon's going up to Oxford next term."

"That's going to cost his people a pretty penny!"

It need not — if a Scottish Mutual Educational Assurance Policy is taken out when a child is born or soon after. Write for full details to:

The Scottish Mutual

Assurance Society Ltd.

DEPT. P, 109 ST. VINCENT STREET, GLASGOW, C.2.

a long-term investment comparable with, say, forestry, in both the slowness and the value of the natural increases it brings. Neither has peace brought a reversal of policy, and it is significant that the State and the farming industry still continue to find the very considerable sums required for this type of improvement. And another sign of the times was the establishment last year at Cambridge of the first land drainage research station in the country. Do men inquire into that which has no future?

Thus has the tile-pipe returned to British farming, bringing with it both welcome implications and harsher economic lessons. Firstly, food is but the end-product of a long and complicated series of processes which go back, via stock and crops, to the land itself—and drainage is but one of the things which may have to be done to the land before it is fit for good farming. Secondly, the maintenance of the things upon which farmland depends may be expensive; but not nearly so expensive as their neglect.

NIGEL HARVEY

Britain's Tin Red Line

FROM the cold ashes of the grate, you may recall, the housemaid retrieved next morning a little piece of metal coagulated into the shape of a heart: it was all that remained of the Constant Tin Soldier, whom petulant Fate and the mischief of a small boy had consigned to the fire. But then, so far as I know, Hans Andersen was not a metallurgist; and if his toy soldier was, as seems likely, a product of Nuremberg, he was made, not of tin, but of solid lead. It was not until 1890 that an English firm, which had started the manufacture of mechanical toys when the builders were busy with the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park, developed a method of substituting hollow castings for the solid type used by the German makers of moulded metal toys. London then replaced Nuremberg as the leading centre of the industry; and to-day, after two world wars and "incidents" too numerous to chronicle, Britains Ltd. are busy, in the far reaches of Walthamstow, replenishing and augmenting a catalogue which the last war inevitably depleted.

The output of the firm is by no means exclusively "militaristic": for children whose parents are sternly pacifist there is the Farm Series, the Zoo Series, the Hunting Series, the Cowboys and Indians, and the glamorous Circus Display, with 23 pieces; but, since truth is our object, it must be recorded that these concessions to civilised sentiment appear to have done nothing to diminish the insistent demand for fighting men. It is the toy soldier which makes "Britains," if not Britain, famous. Yet, lest I mislead *Pravda* into concluding that every British child is born a little chauvinist, let me add that there is one psychological factor in the Western democracies' toy soldier market which is perhaps encouraging. Immediately after World War II, as after its predecessor, troops dressed in purely functional khaki, equipped with gas-masks and hand-grenades, out to kill in the most efficient modern style, sold well; but the taste for utilitarian death-dealing is seemingly evanescent, and—Cold War notwithstanding—the demand is now once again for the colour of Victorian uniform, the cavalryman rather than the tank.

So there they stand, neatly boxed in Britains' showroom, point-device and oddly endearing in their futility, all carefully scaled to the 5.4 cms. standing infantryman who still fires from the shoulder as he did at Waterloo and, I suppose, against the Mahdi. There are unfilled gaps in a numerical series which runs from No. 1 ("the Lifeguards, mounted at the walk, with officer on prancing horse"), past the spirited King's Troop, R.H.A., through foreign armies impartially to U.S. "Snowdrops" (2021) and (2027) Red Army Guards; and the best toy soldiers—regarded, to a greater extent apparently than farmers and fauna, as earners of hard currency—are largely reserved for export. Even so, here is a child's dream of heaven—to say nothing of the adult collectors who run, I believe, an unofficial "exchange and mart" for sets whose production has not yet been resumed since the war.

The sad thing is that this mimic rearmament is a victim of the inflation of costs which besets the real thing. The type-metal (antimonial lead), of which the mouldings are made, now costs £200 a ton, as compared with £40 in 1938, and under £10 before those German infantrymen of Kaiser Wilhelm ("Service dress, Steel Helmets, marching at the slope with officer, 8 pieces") disturbed the toy industry and much else in 1914. Paint, too, now costs about four times what it did before the late war; and then there is purchase tax at 33⅓ per cent. So, with much higher labour costs to be taken into account, there is no real case for grumbling from the nursery if the box of eight foot-soldiers, which an unmonied uncle could provide for a florin ten years ago, now costs over eight shillings in the shops. Let me assure uncles—and nephews—that the craftsmen at Walthamstow are doing their best for them; but, if grown-ups *will* have real guns, non-ferrous metals and paint acquire a tiresome thing called "scarcity value" which plays the very devil with pocket-money and even avuncular Defence expenditure.

And though I should not suppose that Britains Ltd. are in the business purely for the love of the thing, the manufacture of toy soldiers strikes the visitor as being less an industry than a craft in which collective pride is taken. It begins at a long bench, on both sides of which sit the moulders, each with his small crucible of molten metal in front of him. The casting is made in what resembles a large-scale lemon squeezer, into which a ladleful of metal is deftly poured, allowed to set for a moment, and the residue poured off before the mould is opened and the object—cavalryman or crocodile—extracted, very hot, with a pair of tweezers. The operation has to be timed with precision, and it seems to produce in some of the workers a curious swaying rhythm of head, body and wrists. Next, the moulding is trimmed and passes to the painting floor. There, the basic coat is first applied, either by hand or in a mechanical dipper; and then your soldier moves, in an ascending scale of splendour, from bench to bench, where successive hands add red and black and silver; reins and belt and busby. For the more elaborate sets—Hussars and Horse Artillery—as many as fifteen separate painting operations may be required.

As I watched the girls at work, I could not help feeling a little sorry for those allocated to Zoo or Farm. There is, of course, no gainsaying that all this is repetition work. But there is something terribly repetitious about a sheep; and, even if you call him (as the catalogue does) No. 902, *Macropus Giganteus*, a kangaroo must pall in the end from the painter's point of view. How much luckier are those whose daily task is the production of those magnificent "Assorted Arabs" with their flashing cloaks and glittering scimitars, or even—if the Household Troops are beyond reach—the gallant Gordons or the Scots Greys. These surely, in their brave impeccability, would never stale.

AYLMER VALLANCE

The Arts and Entertainment

SOCMAN AND FIDELIO

IT was quixotic, my friends assured me, to trek down to Bristol last week in order to hear *John Socman* performed by the Carl Rosa Opera Company. "They bid me take life easy, as the leaves grow on the tree: but I being young and foolish with them would not agree." A mixture of curiosity and conscience drove me on; after all, "a new British opera" is a serious undertaking, and this one enjoyed the blessing and financial support of the Arts Council. The Arts Council is an institution for which I have a considerable respect. So down to Bristol I went; "and now am full of tears."

John Socman has a libretto by William Lloyd, and music by his son George: the same team which produced *Iernin* in 1934 and *The Serf* in 1938. Neither of these operas had any success, least of all a *succès d'estime*; and one cannot but feel some admiration for the dogged way in which the Lloyds have continued to plough their Early and Middle English furrow. They have now reached the comparatively modern period of Agincourt: which means Lollards, tumblers, scriveners and lewd friars; male choruses in alehouses and mixed choruses outside; a wandering Gleemaiden, with wandering wits; and a bowman hero, home from the wars, who, perceiving his beloved in the arms of a nefarious baritone, exclaims: "Hold! Too fast!" In this version of Olde England, no cliché is barred; and oh, and oh, the hobby-horse is not forgot. Far be it from me to suggest that The Past is intrinsically funny; farther still, that it is intrinsically unsuited to opera. In fact, the plot of *John Socman* is rather like that of *Il Trovatore* (with a dash of *The Yeomen of the Guard*); and it is a good deal less absurd than that of *I Lombardi* (of which there was an enjoyable broadcast last week). Nevertheless, tastes change; and if 1415 is to be brought to life in 1951, it cannot be in terms of Wardour Street and G. A. Henty.

The music of *John Socman*, as coming from the junior party to the enterprise, is not so desperately dated as the text; it flits with considerable fluency through various styles, of which the most important are Edward German jollification and Italian cantilena of the Puccini-Giordano type. Still, if the material is second-hand, it is sometimes shaped in a way that shows a genuine feeling both for drama and for the voice; and during the effective love duet which ended the first scene I thought I caught a glimpse of what it was that had so mysteriously recommended the opera to the pundits of the Arts Council. They must have hoped that they were sponsoring a popular, "Saturday night" sort of opera, such as is provided elsewhere by Delibes, Lortzing or Leoncavallo. Since the decline of *Maritana*, *The Lily of Killarney* and *The Bohemian Girl*, our native repertory has lacked a popular element; and we can no more live on *Peter Grimes* than the Germans can live on *Mathis der Maler* or the French on *Pelléas*. But, unless Sir Thomas Beecham's forthcoming revival (at Covent Garden, of all places) should restore the faded charms of *The Bo Girl*, we must just accept this nineteenth-century hiatus as an unfortunate historical fact. If it has done no more, the production of *John Socman* has at least proved that we cannot write to-day the operas which ought to have been written 50 or 100 years ago.

I am grateful to Covent Garden for the chance of hearing Kirsten Flagstad in *Fidelio*, which is her first excursion, in this country, outside the Wagnerian repertory. But Leonora is not one of her great parts. She is at her best in passages which express strength and resolve (such as "Ich habe Muth" in the first scene); and she sang the gravedigging duet with a pure and steady legato which was very touching. But her "Abscheu-

licher!" was curiously cold and dispassionate; I have heard German sopranos with half her vocal equipment make a superior effect by dint of the sheer intensity of their declamation. This was precisely the quality which distinguished the Florestan of that true artist, Julius Patzak; his intonation and gesture at the words "Und die Ketten sind mein Lohn" sent a thrill of sympathy round the house. Marcelline has always been one of Elisabeth Schwarzkopf's best parts, and on this occasion she excelled herself; but there the virtues of the performance come to an abrupt end. The orchestra, under Karl Rankl (although their *Ring* has this year showed a marked improvement), gave a nervous and unworthy account of Beethoven's score; and the whole ensemble was an ill-rehearsed patchwork of different languages and incompatible styles. To charge festival prices (thirty-five shillings a stall) for this ramshackle performance was a bit steep; still more so when we remember that there were singers in London (such as Peter Klein, Gottlob Frick, Marko Rothmüller and Otakar Kraus) who might have ensured, at least so far as the stage was concerned, a first-class and homogeneous performance, worthy of Covent Garden and even of Beethoven.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

RELIGIOUS DRAMA

MR. CHRISTOPHER FRY'S new play *A Sleep of Prisoners*, to be seen for the next three weeks at St. Thomas's, Regent Street, provides a most moving experience, and I strongly recommend even those who feel a prejudice against having to go to church for their drama, to disregard the discomforts and disadvantages; I am sure they will feel rewarded. Mr. Fry is not a preacher and he does not preach here. His play is a theme and variations. If I understand it rightly (but one cannot expect to grasp a play of this intensity whole at one seeing) the theme is the uses and abuses of action and violence.

The varations are played on bible stories which spring naturally out of the setting—a church where four soldiers spend a night as prisoners of war. They are four different human types, the most dramatically contrasted being David King, whose dominant trait is a natural and simple aggressiveness, and Peter Able, in whom aggressiveness is so inhibited that he simply "takes" whatever comes. Then there is Corporal Joseph Adams, an N.C.O. by nature, disciplined provided someone else supplies him with the word of command. And lastly an older man, Tim Meadows. The characteristics of each of them are economically set out in a quarrel between the aggressive David and the uncaring Peter as the four men arrange their bedding for the night. Then there follows a series of dreams in which different shades and extremes of these character types are played out for us. The murder of Abel by Cain, the sacrifice of Isaac by Abraham, and King David's war against his son Absalom. At his most extreme David is Cain and kills his brother; Peter at his extreme is Isaac the unprotesting victim of his father's intended sacrifice. The N.C.O. is at his extreme as Joab, King David's General, obeying his orders to kill Absalom. As King David, David is violence tempered by authority, as Abraham he displays the controlled violence of the convinced believer. Peter as Absalom is the divided personality in slightly impudent revolt, as Abel he is the neutralist.

In the final dream the three young men become Shadrac, Meshac and Abednego and pass through the fiery furnace from which they emerge having glimpsed in the heat of that experience how better to control and use their natures. These three young men are most convincingly done. Less happy, to my taste, is the fourth member, Meadows, who in the Cain and Abel dream is God himself, and in the others is some close emissary, with that touch of the rustic about his speech which an urban civilisation romantically imagines bring one closer to the Deity. Personally, I can better accept as His emissary Mr. Eliot's psychiatrist than a sort of holy Hayseed.

Each of the dreams is dramatically conceived and touched off with that sharp sense of the comic incongruity of things which is Mr. Fry's personal approach to life and words. The language is sparer than in the two full-length plays, but it remains essentially dramatic. It speaks, that is, with great variety and richness.

But to give an indication of the quality of verse in the play, here is Adam, in the Cain-Abel dream, speaking to God:

> Sir, my sons are playing. Cain's your man.
> He goes in the mould of fashion as you made him.
> He can walk this broken world as easily
> As I and Eve the ivory light of Eden.
> I recommend him. The other boy
> Frets for what never came his way,
> Will never reconcile us to our exile.
> Look, Sir, my sons are playing.
> Sir, let the future plume itself not suffer.

Liveliness of mind and inventiveness of imagination and a design that seem to suit him particularly well keep the play alive for its whole length (about ninety minutes). No one should miss this. Mr. Michael MacOwan, the producer, matches the play with a remarkable ingenuity and a perfect feeling for its values, and the actors, Leonard White, Denholm Elliott, Hugh Pryse and Stanley Baker are all quite admirable. It is not easy to create the large variety of episodes and actions out of four men in khaki without any props except the beds in which they both are and at the same time are not. The trick is effectively played. The sleepers whose bodies beneath thin blankets we seem to be seeing appear suddenly in different parts of the nave. Their actions are suggested by simple but sufficiently expressive mime.

The Guinness-Hauser *Hamlet*, at the New Theatre, turns out to be, frankly, a complete misfire. Neither Mr. Guinness himself nor the production as a whole succeeded in imposing itself upon us. One learns from the discussion aroused by its reception that it was meant to be an anti-romantic Hamlet, and this would account, I suppose, for the unimpressive appearance that Mr. Guinness sustained throughout, as it were of a middle-aged little mercer in bloomers. Of course, he doesn't speak the part in character with this appearance. Better perhaps if he had! The image of a romantic Hamlet has such a hold over our imagination, that something as decisive would have to be done to break that down. Decisiveness of this kind was just what wasn't displayed here. A very exact, quiet and intelligent speaking of the part, which avoids or misses drama and poetry alike, is not romantic, certainly; but it isn't anti-romantic either. That implies something very much more positive, something indeed which one can well imagine so fine a prose actor as Mr. Guinness giving us.

The production itself had the same air of indecisiveness about it. Climaxes failed to arrive within the scenes. Entrances and exits seemed not to have been prepared. They just happened. Dramatic incidents were undervalued. Take, as an example, the moment where after the closet scene Rosencrantz and Guildenstern come to take Hamlet under guard to the King, and he eludes them with "Hide fox, and all after." In the romantic productions too much is made of this kind of thing, you may say. But is that any excuse for making it look absurd? This production seemed to me a succession of such dramatic let-downs. M. Andreu's scenery was evidently very difficult to handle, and was not worth the audible effort. The costumes were in very pretty colours (anti-romantic?), but were not integrated into whatever conception of the play there was. The company never succeeded in really wearing them; they had the air, all the time, of being "dressed up." Indeed, it is clear that neither of the producers can see; otherwise they would not have allowed the attendants on the King to appear as peg-legs, an effect achieved by giving them one white and one black leg, and then placing them against a black background.

T. C. WORSLEY

DON'T CONDEMN YOUR STORY UNTRIED.

Day by day, would-be authors throw away good work, time and money, simply through lack of knowledge of technique, style and the literary market. Next time you feel like destroying your "brain-child"—DON'T. Instead, send it with a note, including your address and some personal details to the London School of Journalism. We will give you a carefully considered opinion of it and your prospects free and without obligation.

London School of Journalism Correspondence Courses comprise: Journalism, Article Writing, Short Stories, Poetry and Radio Plays. There are also courses in Literature written by L.A.G. Strong and History by J. Hampden Jackson. Send today for our free book "Writing for the Press". Fees are low and there is no time limit.

Prospectus Office
THE LONDON SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM
57 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1 MUSeum 4574
"Whenever you think of writing, think of the L.S.J."

There are many imitations . . .

but only one

Genuine Aertex bears this label

—and utility

AERTEX

Nothing is so healthful and comfortable as a cellular weave for men's and boys' underwear, for blouses for women and girls, and for corsets and pyjamas. All these garments are made in AERTEX, but to avoid imitations always look for the Aertex label.

SELLING JEWELLERY?

HAYES the famous Hatton Garden jewellers offer the following:

RECORD PRICES

£5-£75. Cultured Pearl Necklaces.
£10-£100. Gold Cigarette Cases.
£15-£75. Solid Silver Tea Sets and Trays.
£15-£250. Diamond Watches and Eternity Rings.
£5-£35. Gold Pocket Watches and Chains.
£3-£25. Solid Silver Sports Cups and Trophies.
£5-£1,000 for One, Two, Three or Five Stone Diamond Rings.

Up to £5,000 for Diamond and Precious Stone Rings, Brooches, Bracelets and Ear-rings, etc.

VALUATIONS BY QUALIFIED EXPERT.
(Fellow Gemmological Association)

Register your Parcels (cash or offer per return) or call at

M. HAYES & SONS, LTD.
106, HATTON GARDEN, LONDON, E.C.1
HOLborn 8177

Tours from London

Full selection of Coach Tours, from 7 days in Somerset and Devon (£13.0.0.) to 12 days Scotland (£25.10.0.).
The choice covers England, Scotland and Wales.
Full details on request from:

WTA Ltd., 49, Gillingham St., London, S.W.1

PUBLIC LECTURE
"SWEDENBORG AND THE NEW COSMOLOGY"
by Clifford Harley
at North Hall, Victoria Halls, Bloomsbury Square, W.C.1, on Wednesday the 6th June 1951 at 7.30 p.m.
Chairman: Professor Herbert Dingle
Admission free

RADIO NOTES

MAY we have more such programmes as the *Philosophical Conversation* recently broadcast in the Third Programme, in which four Oxford philosophers, one of them a Jesuit, debated whether theological propositions mean what they seem to mean. The proposition specifically examined was "God is love." As an exhibition of modern logic, the discussion was fascinating and instructive; it was, for example, most interesting to hear Father Turner meeting the Positivists on their own ground. But what mainly concerns me here was the entertainment-value of the programme, which was high. For what one was listening to was a display of expertise by a group of men who proved also to be excellent broadcasters. Judged as discussion, it was a brilliant programme, and the kind of programme that we hear far too infrequently, though listeners to Midland Region have their *Lunar Society of the Air*, which in some respects is comparable. *The Critics*, with its five different departments of the arts to be considered in forty-five minutes, is far too short. And such programmes as *Any Questions* and *We Beg to Differ* are vitiated, as serious discussion, by the presence of what often seem wildly partisan audiences. Nor are the participants invariably competent to talk with any authority on the subjects discussed. In the *Philosophical Conversation* there could be no doubt about the authority of the speakers, and the result was a most stimulating programme as well as a first-rate introduction to modern philosophical methods.

Just now, the B.B.C. is giving us several opportunities of listening to distinguished programmes of the past—in radio anything that can be revived five years after its original production has achieved almost classic stature. So the other day we were able to hear Mr. MacNeice's *The Dark Tower* once again. The impression one took away was mixed. The adroitness with which the medium was used remains as scintillating as ever; yet the virtuosity seemed to have become a little too obvious and the ending overprepared. There are passages of great brilliance, the scene in the tavern with the Soak (so wonderfully played by Mr. Esmé Percy), the scenes in the desert; but as a work of art *The Dark Tower* seems to me to have a fatal weakness that has nothing to do with the medium. That is the conception of the mother, a conception that dates the play, indeed even pre-dates it and makes it appear like a production of the old Group Theatre which has unaccountably found its way on to radio. Admittedly, Mr. MacNeice's treatment of the mother is ambiguous, but that does not prevent our seeing behind her the figure of Mrs. Ransom in *The Ascent of F.6*. And the stock mother-figure, on which so much of the play depends, is too generalised to carry conviction today.

Two programmes deserve fuller mention than I can give them here. *The Stage Irishman* had a very good idea behind it, to trace the development of the Englishman's notion of the Irish as shown in our theatre from Elizabethan times onwards. It was amusing and enlightening, though one was left wondering at the end whether it was altogether fair to take Mr. O'Casey's Boyle and Daly as representative of the stage Irishman in the sense that Shaw's Doran is, or even Synge's Christy Mahon. Then, Mr. Michael Lindsay's talk *An Analysis of the Chinese Revolution*, in the *Re-Awakening of Asia* series, was packed with information and excited by its linking of the Communist regime in China with the country's past history.

WILLIAM SALTER

'be my friend'

Here's something that you can do this very minute—help a child whose young life is being wrecked by cruelty, by enrolling as a Friend of the N.S.P.C.C. All it involves is a promise to send 5/- a year—a book of stamps will do.

The National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children needs your help more than ever. It is the only body whose particular business it is to act in cases of cruelty. It only prosecutes in the last resort—help and advice always come first.

N · S · P · C · C

PLEASE ENROL AS A FRIEND TODAY

To the N.S.P.C.C., VICTORY HSE., LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C.2. *Please enrol me as a Friend of the N.S.P.C.C. I enclose my first contribution —and promise to subscribe 5/- a year (or more if I want to).*

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

(BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE)

FIRE!
WHERE'S YOUR
NU-SWIFT?
The World's Fastest Fire Extinguishers — for every Fire Risk
Pressure-operated by sealed CO_2 Charges
NU-SWIFT LTD • ELLAND • YORKS
In Every Ship of the Royal Navy

7 ONOBIDES*
"*Dobies No. 7 Mixture—It's a grand Scottish Tobacco." Wonderful aroma, fine flavour and only 3/10½d. an ounce. In vacuum tins from all good Tobacconists.

THE MOVIES

"Wozzeck," at the London Film Club
"The Cupboard Was Bare" and "I' Pagliacci," at the Cameo-Polytechnic
"Payment on Demand," at the Odeon

Wozzeck. Who is Wozzeck? The simple soldier, the footslogger, the underdog earmarked for tragedy. Already Alban Berg's opera, a masterpiece that cuts new ways in music and drama and will shortly be heard at Covent Garden, has made him famous; but that's not the beginning and end of Wozzeck. What fascinated Berg in Georg Büchner's "sketches for a tragedy" fascinates us also; behind the music-drama—superb as it is—lurks the growing idea; Wozzeck is one of those archetypes, like Don Quixote or Hamlet, who have a destiny of their own to work out in the future. What other nineteenth-century creation, since Byron, possesses this quality? Goethe's Faust spelt finish to a legend; Peer Gynt is hardly more than a personal or local quirk. I don't think I exaggerate the claims of Büchner's hero when I say that with Wozzeck we are made profoundly aware of a whole new constellation of human desires and pains. He is the common man, with a touch of poetry and madness, whom the world's cruelty drives to crime. He is the victim of the slave state. He is, if you like, the martyr of revolutions to come. We have encountered him in endless imitations of the Mr. Zero order, and once, in *The Good Soldier Schweik*, comically, on almost equal terms. But quite simply Wozzeck is Wozzeck: the name implants itself long before this new legend has begun to grow and proliferate in our minds.

The film *Wozzeck*, which is to be given two performances at the London Film Club on Saturday, June 2, goes back to Büchner and finds in his original scenes a powerful stimulus. This is film-making with the old German taste for the macabre and the old cunning, overruled now by sobriety and pity. Wozzeck himself, played by Kurt Meisel, makes a lasting impression. He suffers horribly, stoically, groping towards some kind of illumination, and his rare flickers of happiness suggest a potentially good and free man bullied to death simply because he can, obscurely, suffer. He must shave his captain, listening to pompous denunciations while the razor lovingly plays at cutting the throat it must stroke; the doctor makes him the butt of ills and experiments; the foxily handsome drum-major tortures him on parade and cuckolds him off; in the end his little son will smile as the murderer's child. Wozzeck! Wozzeck! Everyone and everything have picked on him; the terrible pond seems to await him only. This was the occasion of Berg's most inspired and hair-raising music: perhaps for that reason the film spreads its ominous ripples more generally and reprieves Wozzeck to send him on a death-cart through the streets instead. But with this and other innovations, Wozzeck emerges again on the screen as a genuinely tragic figure. Georg C. Klaren, responsible both for script and direction, has made a remarkable film, that is stylish without being mannered, very well acted, and miraculously in key from beginning to end. Those who wish to encounter this unique expression of the post-war German cinema, at either the afternoon or evening performance on June 2, should apply to the London Film Club, 20-1 Took's Court, E.C.4 (CHA. 3709).

The Cupboard Was Bare jaunts with crooks and dubious hotels and Fernandel as an income-tax inspector who has to seek out a dead aunt among seventeen identical cupboards. He wears a tiny circumflex moustache for the occasion, plays straight, and achieves a dauntless respectability in white wool gloves. He is as funny as the film will allow: fair measure in a rather overworked genre. The Italian *Pagliacci* accompanying this lark at Cameo-Poly. plays no tricks and offers a magnificent performance by Tito Gobbi.

Without Miss Bette Davis *Payment on Demand* would be as glossily commonplace as its title, and this is a film even admirers may hesitate to see twice.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Marino Marini, at the Hanover Gallery.

We must be grateful to the Hanover Gallery for introducing us to two contemporary sculptors who have enjoyed for some time a high reputation on the Continent but who are barely known here; recently the Viennese Fritz Wotruba (born 1907), whose style may still be studied from a distinguished example in Battersea Park, and now the Pistoiese Marino Marini (born 1901), perhaps the only Italian sculptor since Medardo Rosso with a streak of greatness. Placed alongside Marini's generalised heads, Modigliani's elongated noses would seem too crudely mannered, and Manzù's Donatellesque reliefs too crafty or too sweet. Marini also is derivative, from Roman portrait busts, from the Tuscan Proto-Renaissance—how could one expect any Italian sculptor, specially a cultivated man like Marini, to dispense altogether with a past that is so frustratingly rich?—but these prototypes have been made to pass through the sieve of Picasso and through Marini's own tragic temperament, to emerge in an almost unrecognisable guise, as something new and haunting. His forms are never enclosed, but explode, shoot outwards in every direction, a fact that cannot be properly demonstrated in the confined space of St. George Street and only becomes clear in Battersea Park where a bronze *Horseman* of 1949 is exhibited; however, even from his small bronzes, with their disregard of finicky detail, their expressive distortions, their noble ugliness, with the patina that animates their surfaces and increases the illusion of their decay, the same sense of tragedy on a grand, disturbing scale is conveyed. B. N.

"The Thistle and the Rose" at the Vaudeville

In this tiresomely episodic chronicle of a reign which ended in the bloody mud of Flodden Field, Mr. Douglas Home fails to make the best either of history or theatre. He is indebted to his players: Hugh Burden clothes James IV with animation, and the other personages who flit across the scenes—Angus "Bell the Cat," Dunbar, the English Envoy, and Lord Surrey—are done passably well. But they are set an impossible task: in trying to compress a quarter of a century into a play the author has left himself no time to build character or develop "situation." This is not a drama but a peepshow. As for history, James may have had the failings of his family, but he was much more than the wenching dilettante portrayed by Mr. Home; and if the flowers of the forest were a' wede away on that rainy September evening in 1513, the blame, one would say, lay less with the dalliance and irresolution of the King than with the impetuous indiscipline of the Borderers (led by the author's namesake) who compromised the strong Scots' position on Branxton Hill. Scotland in the Tudor period is a good and little-worked quarry for a playwright; but the stones need better shaping than this. A. V.

"A Pin to See the Peepshow," at the New Boltons

A Pin to See the Peepshow is a dramatised version, almost a documentary, of the Thompson-Bywaters murder which shook England 29 years ago and which has remained ever since one of the leading cases in the controversy over capital punishment. The performance could be merely melodramatic and the concluding scenes merely nauseating, were it not for the superb performance of Joan Miller who begins by being a pretty girl out for a good time at the beginning of the First World War and passes through every phase of development until she is carried in screaming hysterics into the condemned cell, and, exhausted and insensible, from the cell to the gallows. It is seldom that one sees so brilliant a performance. It is not logical to hang men and shrink from hanging women, but one understands by this performance why, in fact, we feel more moved by the execution of a woman; as one of the characters says, "we all have mothers". We are also able to understand why during an enquiry on capital punishment the prison staff confessed having been converted against hanging by this experience. They believed that Mrs. Thompson might have become "a very good woman" if she had been reprieved. The chaplain said "when we were all gathered together there, it seemed utterly impossible to believe what we were there to do." K. M.

FESTIVAL NOTES

Sherlock Holmes Exhibition

Baker Street pilgrims from the four corners of the earth are rewarded at last with a summer celebration of the Master at Abbey House (almost opposite the Tube station). Was this indeed the port-of-call of veiled ladies in hansoms, of Lestrade and Moriarty, and the local irregulars? Quite likely, say the experts. This is very much an affair for experts, who will find themselves, at every showcase and exhibit, confronted with the weightiest problems. Who precisely was that dark, Eastern visitor attended by flute noises who made use of the bell-rope in *The Speckled Band?* Here is the evidence set out in four tall bottles and in print: the cobra, it seems, must win over the puff adder in a final reckoning. And here, if not the footprint of the Hound of the Baskervilles himself, is at least the forbidding sign-manual of the largest police dog. Holmes's cigar-ash and bee-keeping studies, early sketches of him, his entry in *Who's Who*, letters addressed to him, salutes from the Musgrave Ritualists of New York and the Dancing Men of Providence, make the most of a legend that has caught scholars and *aficionados* in the same curious net. The masterpiece of this elect rally (which contains also Conan Doyle MSS. and personalia) is undoubtedly the Holmes-Watson sitting-room, wonderfully considered and designed by Mr. Michael Weight, with every piece of its litter attested, breakfast still on the table, syringe and violin, the half-filled slipper. And perhaps also a kink in the poker where Holmes straightened it after his threatening visitor had departed? Such minutiæ the curious may ponder as they lean into the gas-lit intimacy, lulled from a loudspeaker by the sounds of Old Baker Street. G. W. S.

East End, 1851, at the Whitechapel Art Gallery

This delightful regional exhibition illustrates life in the five boroughs—Stepney, Bethnal Green, Hackney, Poplar and Shoreditch—a century ago. The four hundred items include glassware, pottery, photographs, posters, furniture, playbills and model ships. Admirably arranged, they provide a striking but deliberately unemphatic picture of the period. Despite the Doré prints this is no garish, romanticised collection of mid-Victoriana. Though the pale weaver and squalid streets of Arnold's sonnet are both here, one remembers best the quiet water-colours—Hackney Brook, The Horse and Groom at Lee, the watercress beds in Morning Lane. The main features of the period are noted: the growth of dockland, the decay of the silk weavers, the construction of the Regent Canal and the Thames Tunnel. By 1851 the transition was accomplished. The villages of Stepney and Bow had been linked by acres of narrow streets and tiers of small terraces were springing up around the India and London docks. Industrial buildings sprouted every kind of architectural extravagance, from the Greek plaster trimmings on the Laburnam Street gingerbeer factory to the neo-Gothic facade of the warehouse at Oliver's Wharf, Wapping. If the pewter, watermen's badges and Charity School costumes, the churchwardens' notices and indentures of apprenticeship bespeak a closely ordered, parochial society, the future lies with the bearded salts and black-coated seamen's missionaries staring down at us, tight-lipped and inscrutable, through mists of sepia. These two moods—the bustle and exuberance of dockland and the static melancholy resignation of Spitalfields—run strophe and antistrophe-like through the exhibition. The first is typified by a dozen prints and photographs, the second by the intricately patterned sampler that declares: "Love the Lord and He will be, a tender Father unto thee—Sarah Ann Bush, her work, done at Mr. Raine's asylum." J. N. B. R.

Twentieth Century Poetry at the I.C.A., 17 Dover Street

Photographs, manuscripts, dedication copies, proofs, flank the volumes of poetry—nearly all in first editions—in this well-displayed exhibition, and help to establish the scene and atmosphere in which they originally appeared. Near the books of the Imagist poets is shown a fading photograph of Yeats, Sturge Moore, Pound, Aldington, Harold Monro and F. S. Flint on a visit to Wilfred Scawen Blunt in 1914. There are broadsheets of the Poetry Bookshop—some illustrated by Paul Nash, Jack Yeats, Edward Bawden, and McKnight Kauffer as well as the more familiar Lovat Fraser ones—and a log book of the readings given there: on a January 28, Rupert Brooke was down for "Swinburne, one of his own, Donne, etc."

Frequent Services PLUS British Airmanship

THAT'S WHY

EXPERIENCED TRAVELLERS FLY BRITISH

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION AND BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS

offer services to and from nearly 70 countries

Wine is so easy to enjoy . . .

See if you have a natural palate: enter the Wine-Tasting Competition. First prize, a week among the vines. No Charge Whatever. Apply :—

The FRIENDS OF WINE, 1 Vintners' Place, London E.C.4

Smoker's Mix Herbal Compound

. . . suitable for Pipe or Cigarette

P.O. to "SMOKERS MIX"

Displays of periodicals, *Tyro*, *Chapbook*, *Egoist*, *Little Review*, *New Verse*, *Poetry London*, point to the brief flowering, yet hardy succession of the poetry magazines: monumental in one showcase is *The Criterion*, Vol. 1, No. 1, open at the first appearance in print of *The Waste Land*. There are mild surprises and intriguing reminders. One had forgotten that Alec Guinness played Michael Ransom in the first production of *F 6* (Rupert Doone's prompt copy); that Graham Greene's earliest book was poetry, that J. C. Squire's was *Poems and Baudelaire Flowers*. Wilfred Owen in a sailor suit looks up from the 1920 edition of his poems; an unpublished drawing by Hopkins shows the poet gazing at the reflection of his boots in a lake; D. H. Lawrence inscribes a copy of his *New Poems*: "To Eddie Marsh, a peace offering." Paintings and drawings of poets look down remotely or benignly—John's Yeats and Dylan Thomas, Wyndham Lewis's Eliot and Pound, Isaac Rosenberg's remarkable self-portrait—and Dr. Edith Sitwell by Tchelitchew presides over this half-century of poetry. J. A. S.

Correspondence

LABOUR POLICY

SIR,—If the Government believes that the sole cause of its party's discontent has something to do with the charges to be asked for spectacles and dental plates, then it is guilty of the defective reasoning of the ostrich. The centre of the discontent is to be found in the growing apprehension that soon there may not be human beings who require spectacles and dental plates. This sickening fear of the future is, of course, widespread, but Socialists are beginning to suffer from a peculiarly pernicious form of it: they find they cannot support whole-heartedly that foreign policy which has helped to create such an intolerable state of affairs; they are aware that they would oppose many features of that policy if it had been produced by a different Government; they are embarrassed by the support that policy receives from reactionary politicians. There is the feeling that the Labour Government is doing slowly—with the boot of American economic pressure behind it—what the Tories would have done speedily; namely, to make Germany into another Korea, complete with vague beginnings and disreputable allies.

Even the intense relief with which the Labour Movement greeted the sacking of MacArthur has been suspended by the Senatorial hearings in Washington: relief has turned into suspicion; is MacArthur only guilty of wanting to start the war in the wrong place? Attention then swings to what appears to be the "right" place—Europe. Morning after morning the B.B.C. suavely informs us of the number of the last meeting of the Foreign Minister's Deputies, and of the lack of progress made at that meeting. Thus each working-day begins with the knowledge that a council, which could help us to make our personal plans with some confidence, is unable to agree about the arrangement of an agenda. It is not enough to blame Russian intransigence for this, any more than it is wise to accuse Russia of being the only nation guilty of perpetrating social evils. The fact that the Russians have made concessions at Paris is reflected in the reports of newspapers as dissimilar as the *Observer*, the *People* and the *Daily Herald*, and constitutes the little hope we possess of the Deputies' meetings changing from games of chess—in which our lives are the pieces—into something which will take steps towards an imperative peace. The results of the recent elections in Lower Saxony should, automatically, push the question of the re-armament of Germany to the top of any proposed agenda for a meeting of the Powers who occupy that country, and the presence of American bombers in this vulnerable country of ours should make us welcome the Soviet insistence that discussion about American bases in Europe should be included in that agenda. Those of us who lost relatives in the blitzes and battles of the last war; those of us who lost years of our youths defeating Nazism, would not be chary about conceding Russia that part of her request.

It is not surprising that a Tory foreign policy should lead to Tory measures for meeting the disasters largely created by that policy. Those who believe that re-armament will ensure peace; those who are prepared to put aside certain principles, and submit to the mounting prices, profits and mental tensions which go with re-armament, should remember the words of E. M. Forster: "It seems to me that if nations keep on amassing armaments, they can no more help discharging their filth than an animal which keeps on eating can stop itself from excreting," and then demand that the machinery which exists at Paris should be used—and speedily—to save our slipping civilisation. There are warnings enough; our people are ranged between the poles of apathy and fear, and this is reflected in every election that is held; bombers are, once again, making evil marks in the stratosphere, and low-flying jet-fighters send us hurrying to our back windows; there is no enthusiasm to get to grips with that nation which still possesses, in Stalingrad, a sword which once symbolised our deep admiration for her gallantry and heroism. Yes, there are warnings enough, and there is enough fear: what is lacking is a sincere, determined drive for peace, and without it, our Welfare State is a mockery.

HERBERT SMITH.

36 Wandsworth Bridge Road, S.W.6.

SIR,—None of your correspondents seems to have commented on one statement in Mr. Ian Mikardo's letter of April 28, which much repetition these days does not make more than the half truth it always was. "You can never break down an idea by means of force." How true it is that ideas must be met by ideas, not talk about "hell-bombs"—and how deplorably little to date we are doing about it, partly because we don't like to sort our own ideas. One applauds the *mystique* that the truth will prevail. Nevertheless, right without might, idea without body, has small compelling power. And it must be admitted that Stalin's regime in dealing with the Tolstoians, Hitler's regime in dealing with democrats—not to go back further in history—had a way with it. "How many battalions has the Pope?" asked Stalin about the moderator of ideas for a sixth of the world. So much depends upon whether the opponents of totalitarianism keep a head on their shoulders for their ideas to find a home in. Without an organised corporeal resistance, violent or non-violent, ideals will build no kingdom on earth as in heaven against tyranny. They too live in the realm of history; and their exponents have to see to it that they are neither decapitated nor liquidated. The Greek adage ran, "Force by force is repelled." It had something to it that Mr. Mikardo has forgotten when we confront ideas that are armed.

Chelsea, S.W.3. GEORGE CATLIN

BEVAN AND AMERICA

SIR,—Just before boarding the *Queen Mary*, bound for New York, I read an editorial in a Southampton newspaper which disclosed that one of my fellow passengers is Mr. Richard Stokes, Lord Privy Seal, who is reported to be on his way to Washington to explain to the American Government exactly what effect the world shortage of strategic commodities is having on British economy and its rearmament programme. He is hailed as an ideal person to make the American people understand that "abusive speeches and politically inspired attacks against the U.S." are not representative of the British people, or its Government.

The editorial writer of this newspaper is ignorant of American temperament, for he insinuates that the Bevan and subsequent resignations from the Labour Government need to be glossed over for American digestion. Let me assure you that Bevan lost no American friends of Britain. He spoke honestly and truthfully. The words were harsh, difficult to swallow, but factual. Americans admire forthright men but react very adversely to the man, often highly placed, who, with a few ill-chosen words, destroys much of the good will which is so laboriously built up between the two English-speaking allies. He is not alone and often enough he speaks for a group, large in number and of great influence in government, banking and industry.

At a recent dinner of the Royal Academy, a speaker representing the Royal Navy (I do not recall his name) deplored the sad fate of Britannia when she submits to an American commander of the joint Atlantic Fleets. He buttered the distasteful admission with the statement that "we were in two world wars from the beginning to the end." I am sure that thousands of Americans in Britain heard those remarks over the radio, as well as the Americans who were in the audience. Mr. Churchill and Mr. Attlee were in the audience which greeted his remarks with great applause.

Those words stung, for time and again we Americans are reminded by Britons that America dallied while she held the breech. We Americans believe that Britain went to war because she had treaty obligations, among other reasons. The U.S. joined in both wars and contributed to final victory—in a big way—though she had no treaty obligations. What a glorious opportunity there was at that Royal Academy dinner for one of the subsequent speakers to repudiate "Col. Blimp"! Did it happen? I don't know, I had left the room. I did read the newspapers and found no reference to the incident. what Britain needs is a good "Public Relations" man at your public functions.

Queen Mary H. PLISSNER
(at sea).

SO IT SAYS

SIR,—In recent weeks we have seen the culmination of a mischief-making newspaper campaign—the *Daily Express* attempt to suggest that the Festival of Britain is the flop the *Express* has always forecast it would be—which shows clearly how news columns can be coloured.

Years ago, when the Festival was being planned, the *Express* decided to fight the whole idea. It argued that the Festival would be a waste of millions of public money, a waste of labour and materials needed for housing, and that it could not be a success anyway. Fair enough. If the conscience of the *Express* found something wrong, it had every right to say so in its leader columns. That is what leader columns are for.

The attacks were made, but the plans went through. Bills were passed through Parliament and—without the consent of the powerful *Daily Express*—the millions of public money were in fact committed to the scheme. It then surely became the duty of the newspapers to see that the best possible use was made of that money, and that the nation's investment reaped the highest dividends. Not so for the *Express*. The attack went on. The impossibility of the Festival being a success continued to be the *Express* theme-song.

As May, 1951, drew near, the *Express* seemed for a moment to prepare to cover itself in the event of a Festival success. On February 10, a leader headed "Too late for regrets" said: "What should be the public attitude towards it [the Festival]? It should be one of support. . . . The task now is to make the whole affair an outstanding success and to present Britain's bravest face to the world." It was a neat volte-face. Here, apparently, was the way out of a tricky position, opening the path to publication of the mass of Festival stories and pictures which a national newspaper would inevitably have to carry when the time came—or so one thought.

Nothing of the sort; the change of tune proved only to be a leader-writer's lapse. Later he turned again to the offensive, and efforts were made to justify the *Express* forebodings and give the reader the impression that the Festival was neither much of an attraction nor a success. On May 3—the morning of the opening of the Festival—the *Express* did not carry a single line on Page One to announce the arrival of the great day. Inside, their coverage consisted of reproductions of the Festival stamps, together with a prominent display for Mr. Morrison's remark that the Festival "may be madness, but the sort of madness that will put Britain on the map"—an *Express* grasp at a straw, this, if ever there was one—and a diagram of the Royal route to St. Paul's.

Next day the *Express* published stories and pictures of the opening ceremony at St. Paul's and the first concert in the Royal Festival Hall. The accent on all the stories was on the Royal Family's activities. Little was said about the actual Festival. And on the same day the leader-writer returned to the attack, contradicting his article of February 10. Now he said: "It is to be hoped that Mr. Morrison is right [in his Festival policy]. . . But how much better if

energy squandered on the South Bank site had been turned to the task of building homes and making Britain strong. . . " So, after all, it appeared, there was still time for regrets—even on Festival Day itself.

On Saturday, May 5, the *Express* recorded the first day of the South Bank Exhibition in a 20-line caption to two single-column Page One pictures of Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret. Inside, the only coverage was a picture of Queen Mary being wheeled round the exhibition, together with a caption story about the man who pushes her chair. For its readers, the South Bank Exhibition was treated as an affair of almost local importance, warranting, in fact, far less coverage than the opening of the Royal Academy annual summer exhibition on the same day. Most other newspapers carried more than a column of Festival news, besides many pictures.

In the first week of the Festival, the *Express* confined news of it to a collection of brief items, quite often buried away inside the paper. Its great news-gathering service was unable to find any material worth printing at length; and the feature page, always so intensely topical, produced not a single article on the great show. Yet any journalist with the slightest news sense will agree that the Festival is NEWS, whichever way one looks at it.

At the end of the first week, on Saturday, May 12, the leader column pointed out that visitors to the South Bank Exhibition were fewer than those in a week at the Motor Show or Ideal Home Exhibition. It did not point out that these shows last only a matter of weeks while the South Bank is open for five months. The leader ended by saying: "Perhaps Mr. Morrison hopes for better things over the Bank Holiday." Yet, when the "hopes" of Mr. Morrison were fulfilled and attendance leapt, on Whit-Monday the early editions of the *Express* carried not one line in its news columns of the figures. Later editions used a seven-paragraph story about the packing of the Dome of Discovery and mentioning the attendance figures. It was tucked away in Page Three.

On Tuesday, following the record attendence of 93,000, the *Express* printed a Page One story written so as to convey to the reader that South Bank could not cope with the crowds and that visitors found the Exhibition sheer hell. It is true there were masses of queues on Whit-Monday. But, as an official pointed out: "The British have become queue-minded." Many queued for queueing's sake. Is not this just what happens every Bank Holiday in one place or another?

The net result of this suppression and distortion of Festival news is that the hundreds of thousands who take the *Express* as their only newspaper are scarcely aware that the Festival exists. And what there is of it, they gather, is hardly worth bothering about.

But we must not despair. Although right up to the time of writing the *Express* still finds time for regrets—"Why did they [the Festival authorities] not ascertain the Skylon risks [from thunderstorms] before they wasted public money in its building?" It is well within the bounds of possibility that the *Express* will yet clamber over the other side of the fence, catch the Festival spirit, and, in its own inimitable way, claim credit for its success.

19 Fortis Court, N.10. D. THYNNE INGRAM.

BRITAIN AND CHINA

SIR,—I read with great interest the letter from Peking which you published in your last issue. Some of your correspondents are personally known to me and to a large number of Chinese students in this country. Being a past office-bearer of the Chinese Students' Union in this country, I am sure that the great majority of Chinese students here would share my gratitude, both to our friends in Peking in voicing our feelings so well, and to you in making their letter known to the British public.

Answering the two points raised by Critic, namely (1) " . . . (The Chinese) must show more readiness than they have done so far to respond diplomatically to British advances," and (2) "state terms for a cease-fire which the sponsors of peace might hope to induce the United Nations to accept," may I make these brief comments?

(1) Having followed closely relations between our two countries, I know of no British diplomatic advances to China apart from the undisputed facts that: (a) Despite the recognition of the Central People's Government as the only Government of China, a British representative is still maintained in Taiwan (Formosa). (b) While voting for the admission of Chinese delegates to various U.N. organisations, Britain invariably votes against, or abstains from, the expulsion of Chiang Kai-shek's delegates. (c) Britain voted against the peace proposal of the twelve Arab-Asian Nations last January. (d) Britain voted for the U.S. resolution branding China an aggressor. (e) Britain voted for the present U.S. resolution of embargo. I should also mention that although the leader of a Chinese delegation for friendship was refused an entry visa to come to this country last month, an ex-Minister of Education in Chiang Kai-shek's Government recently entered this country from Taiwan (Formosa). He apparently did not find it difficult to obtain a visa. Perhaps the Chinese can be excused for failing to respond to these manifestations of friendship from the British Government.

(2) Last January, the U.N. passed a resolution proposing an unconditional cease-fire which was to be followed by a negotiated settlement in Korea. There was no indication from official sources that this proposal was in the nature of an ultimatum. Consequently, China counter-proposed that a temporary cease-fire be arranged with a Seven Power Conference to follow. In the statements of Chou En-Lai, both the terms for a peaceful settlement of all Far Eastern problems and the procedure for a negotiation were made perfectly clear. Your journal, Sir, commented, on January 27, "It is not clear what more conciliatory reply China could have made." However, in spite of repeated emphasis by Mr. Nehru and others (your own journal included) that this was a counter-proposal and not a rejection of the U.N. proposal, the U.S. and other Governments (the British Government included) refused to give it any consideration, brushed aside the peace efforts of the twelve Arab-Asian Nations and rushed through the resolution branding China an aggressor.

I have now lived in this country for over three and a half years and have gradually come to know the British people and like them. When I go back to China in the near future, I shall take back many happy memories. I have also made many friends among the British Labour Movement. I greatly admire their integrity and perhaps, occasionally, I am a little exasperated by their slowness in overcoming their inertia and getting things done. I have great faith in them; I know they will not swallow, piecemeal, policies they have baulked at swallowing whole. I know they will, one day, make their voice heard. I only hope, most sincerely, that this will not be too late.

C. L. TSOU

"WHAT I STILL BELIEVE"

SIR,—Joad is disillusioned. Why? Because the reforms which he and other eminent Victorians and Edwardians achieved in earlier decades have not brought the millennium or got as near to it as he hoped and anticipated. But it would really be astonishing if they had.

Life on the planet has been developing for over a thousand million years mainly by trial and error, aided occasionally by the inspiration and sacrifices of a tiny vanguard. Each successive generation has its own problems to face and solve, and it is the glory of the young to imagine that they can leap forward and effect a facile and final solution of them all, in their own lifetime. But the old should be aware of the presumption of this enthusiasm and recognise with satisfaction the significance of the advance actually made.

Let us run through some of Joad's complaints. Women, he says, have made no special contribution to social improvement. How does he know? The fact is that since women's viewpoint has been given a political importance, infant mortality and maternal mortality have been vastly reduced and public health has been made a national concern.

Pacifism has not made an end of war. But Western Europe is to-day working together as never before, and the British Empire has become the British Commonwealth by bloodless evolution. If and when some future generation stamps out all major wars, the reformers of that day will be confronted with an aggravated problem of how to preserve individual liberty in the face of a World Authority with unchallenged power.

"Socialism is no longer a creed to conjure with." Maybe not. But the reason is that a great part of what it set out to do has been done and a fresh impetus based on new concepts is needed to tackle the problems of the second half of the century.

Science has not given mankind happiness or security. No. But in spite of what Joad says it has added to human leisure, and it is up to this generation to discover the proper use to which that leisure should be put.

The mass of people still prefer jazz to Beethoven. But at least those individuals who want to hear good music can now do so for the price of an annual wireless licence.

PETHICK-LAWRENCE

SIR,—Professor Joad, who has done so much to clarify our thinking, says: "The Christian doctrine of original sin, I now believe, expresses a deep and essential insight into human nature." Rejection of this doctrine, he says, has done much to vitiate recent thought.

A good deal depends (does it not?) on what you mean by "the Christian doctrine of original sin." The phrase does not mean—in fact, it expressly rules out—the highly probable theory that the hideous injustice and blood-bolter'd cruelty which stain so much of human history are traceable to our animal ancestry. The Council of Trent (Sess. V, *Decretum de peccato originali*) puts the matter with lawyer-like exactness. Adam (who, according to biblical chronology, lived some five thousand years ago) by his disobedience "in Paradise" incurred the wrath of God and consequently the physical death with which God had threatened him; and by this sin of his transmitted to the entire human race not death and bodily pains alone, but sin which is the death of the soul. Does Professor Joad really believe in this ancient myth? If not—as the assembled cardinals boomed out in chorus: "Let him be anathema!"

21 East Avenue, HAROLD BINNS
Bournemouth.

The New Novel by
WALLACE STEGNER
The Preacher and the Slave

This is the story of Joe Hill, the man and the myth. From time to time a man lives, dies, and becomes a legend. One of these legends was Joe Hill, the militant man's hero in the days when "Union" was a fighting word. His legend is crystallised in that famous telegram sent just before his execution: "Don't waste time mourning. Organise", and thousands of men made him their martyr and carried on his work.

What kind of a man was this Hill—in life, and in the legend? Wallace Stegner has recreated the ambitious, burning, vain, shy, and violent figure in a novel of astute insight and stirring action. *The Preacher and the Slave* is a brilliant study of a complex human being, an exploration of the uses of violence and an enquiry into the meaning of justice.

Large Cr. 8vo. 448 pp. 12s. 6d. net

WALLACE STEGNER'S previous novels
The Big Rock Candy Mountain
(*Daily Mail* Book of the Month)
Second Growth
are again available

HAMMOND HAMMOND

Books in General

VERY early on the morning of January 26th 1855, in the *Rue de la Vieille Lanterne*, an ancient, sinister and filthy street behind the Place du Châtelet, an inanimate figure was found dangling from a rusty iron window-bar. Since the inhabitants of that part of Paris were reluctant to meddle in any affair that concerned a dead or dying man, they did not cut down the suicide until a police-patrol arrived; and, although breathing when he was first discovered, he was beyond hope of resuscitation before the noose was finally loosened. Shabbily dressed, pockets stuffed with manuscripts, writing-materials and miscellaneous rubbish, the pathetic corpse was at length identified. Friends claimed Gérard Labrunie, better known as Gérard de Nerval. They also recognised the cord with which he had contrived to hang himself—a strong piece of unbleached apron-string which, some days earlier, he had proudly shown to his old companions Théophile Gautier and Maxime du Camp, observing that he had just been lucky enough to purchase the girdle that Madame de Maintenon had worn at St. Cyr for the performance of *Esther*. To other friends he had exhibited it as the garter of Marguerite de Valois or the Duchesse de Longueville. His intimates were well accustomed to Gérard's eccentricities. The gentlest and kindest of human beings, he had passed several periods of seclusion in Dr. Blanche's madhouse, from which, however, he had always emerged, his literary faculties unimpaired. The season was bitterly cold, and Gérard had no overcoat. But, as usual, he refused to accept help, producing a Louis XVIII gold coin with the remark that he had his week's expenses, then went out across the frozen snow into the dark labyrinth of mid-nineteenth-century Paris—a metropolis that, at least in the obscure and dilapidated quarters which Gérard most frequented, still bore a considerable resemblance to the grim and tortuous city haunted by François Villon.

There he lost himself both physically and spiritually. To an acquaintance met near the Halles he complained that he was involved in a story in which he could not find his way—so darkly and insistently were the shadows crowding round—and that he spent hours of perplexity trying to regain his bearings. With him he carried the proofs of an enigmatic book he called *Aurélia*, his last attempt to explain the origins of his private tragedy by retracing the fragile yet indissoluble thread that he had been following since the days of his youth. Earlier and later poets have had much the same experiences; but no other writer—not even William Blake who condensed his visions or hallucinations into a hard-and-fast mythological system—has lived so consistently beyond the Horn and Ivory Gates and has taken so little account of the distracting demands of "real life." For Gérard, as for Blake, the existence of the imagination was the only real one. Yet, like Blake, he had an extremely practical turn; and he is interesting, not as a moon-struck visionary who produced a few mysterious and beautiful verses and came to a catastrophic end, but as a man of genius who brought light, albeit a glimmering light, into some of the duskier regions of the human heart and intellect, pursuing his quest up to the very limits, and then across the verge, of sanity. His great sonnets have the quality of incantations, and exert a spell that seems to grow stronger, though not less mysterious, the more often they are re-read. But his finest story is simplicity itself. *Sylvie*, composed in 1852, when the shadows were already gathering, is a brief idyllic episode, a glimpse of the enchanted past, viewed from a distance down the long perspectives of his strange and troubled adult career.

Proust declared that it was among his favourite books—a preference easy to understand, since *Sylvie : Souvenirs du Valois* shows its author embarked on an imaginative expedition *à la recherche du temps perdu*, revisiting the places he adored, invoking the phantoms of the men and women he had loved best, and finding in their renewed vitality a proof that imaginative Recollection was yet more powerful than the insidious attacks of Time. The past lives in us : we are ourselves the past : what we have deeply experienced and truly felt is as real and substantial as the chaotic impressions of the present hour. Everything changes and passes : the artist's business, with the help of Memory, is to distinguish the recurrence of certain dominant themes that run through the confused pattern of emotional experience. It is those themes we must treasure and cling to. Have I loved many women, Gérard inquired; or was it always the same woman under several different guises? The nun—the peasant girl—the actress—was not each of them an avatar of the same divinity? And, that divinity being changeable and multiform, could he expect to grasp and enjoy her in any single human shape? The deepest pleasures are subjective, the only true rewards imaginative. Now and then Gérard grew impatient at his imaginative servitude, and commented wryly on his invariable knack of seizing the shadow and letting slip the substance; but, when he reflected on the course of his emotional wanderings, he was ultimately convinced that no other course lay open to him : for him the shadow was real and enduring, the substance false and transitory.

This conviction was no mere literary whim. Gérard de Nerval never abandoned it; and it continued to dominate his existence from his boyhood till his last days. When he died, he was not yet fifty. Born in 1808, he was the son of Etienne Labrunie, a surgeon with Napoleon's armies, who had also served and had been twice wounded in the Revolutionary Wars. Etienne survived to tell the tale, a brave, conscientious, somewhat unsympathetic personage; but Gérard's mother met an untimely death. Following her husband through the campaigns in Eastern Europe, she succumbed at the age of twenty-five to fatigue and hardship, aggravated by a "fever she caught while crossing a bridge covered with corpses where her carriage was nearly overturned." It is not impossible that regret for a mother he had never known, and resentment at the emotional deprivation her early death had caused him, encouraged Gérard's life-long cult of an elusive mother-mistress, embodied in the series of women whom he idolised but either failed to win or deliberately refrained from capturing. Yet his youth was cheerful and carefree. Brought up by his maternal grand-uncle in the village of Mortefontaine near the pleasant town of Senlis, he was reared amid reminiscences of the eighteenth-century philosophers—whose works he supplemented by a study of the Cabalists and *Illuminati*—in a landscape that recalled Rousseau and *La Nouvelle Héloïse*. Here he acquired his deep devotion to the Valois, its legends and its folk-songs; and the theme of *Sylvie* is a Parisian's journey home to the cradle of his youthful loves—to Mortefontaine and Senlis and Loisy, to the country of forests and lakes and sandy heaths, where he had paid innocent court to the virginal lace-maker and, on the threshold of a small lonely ancient *château*, in a ring of listening white-garbed children, had glimpsed Adrienne for the first time.

But already he was the prey of a further obsession. Adrienne's identity is doubtful : Sylvie was probably recollected from a certain Reine-Sylvie Tremblay, who married a local shepherd and died, just before the composition of *Sylvie*, in the autumn of 1852 : but there can be no doubt that the popular actress, described in the opening paragraphs of the tale, was a solid earthy personage—Jenny Colon, a star of comic opera, a fair-haired, blue-eyed enchantress, with a small, sweet voice, a smooth skin and exquisitely rounded and dimpled cheeks. Gérard's infatuation was pleasurable agony. Night after night, he tells us in *Sylvie*, he attended the theatre "*en grande tenue de soupirant*"; but, although when the curtain went down, and the divine apparition temporarily vanished, he was invaded by an intolerable sense of loss—"*l'amère tristesse que laisse un songe évanoui*"—he feared to trouble Jenny's image in "the magical looking-glass," and was only persuaded to meet her face to face by the rigorous insistence of his less romantic friends. True, he had purchased a bed in which to receive her; but, having set it up in the middle of his room, he "laid his own mattress next to it on the floor, as at the foot of an altar." Asked who slept in the bed, under its Renaissance canopy, between its twisted columns, he replied simply : "My imagination."

As a poet and story-teller and founder of the Symbolist movement, Gérard de Nerval has long been acclaimed by French critics. Barrès envied him : Proust saluted him : more recently he has had the questionable honour of a Surrealist *accolade*. To the English public his merits are relatively unfamiliar; and Mr. S. A. Rhodes's biography*, imperfect as it is, disfigured by many unfortunate touches of facetiousness and slanginess, contains a mass of absorbing information about his life and literary growth. Gérard, in fact, had two careers. Besides being a visionary poet and a

**Gérard de Nerval 1808-1855.* Poet, Traveller, Dreamer. By S. A. Rhodes. *Philosophical Library, New York.* $4.75

DENT

Summer and Autumn Flowers

Constance Spry

A magnificent new book on flower arrangements, illustrated by 24 pages of full-colour plates, and 12 in monochrome, by the author of *Flower Decoration* (8th Impression), etc., and described in the light of her unique knowledge from both decorative and gardening points of view. Crown 4to. 21s. net

Prospectus post free

An Encyclopaedia of London

William Kent

A revised and reset 'Festival edition' of this famous book, an up-to-date record, in encyclopaedic form, of the greatest city in the world. A huge store of facts, seasoned with anecdotage. 680 pages; 16 pages of photographs. 20s. net

Prospectus post free

The Life of Baron von Hügel

Michael de la Bedoyere

The first full study of the famous religious writer and philosopher; the story of a remarkable personality, based chiefly on unpublished letters and diaries. With 8 pages of plates. 25s. net

Pope and His Critics

W. L. Macdonald

A comprehensive study of all that was written about Pope and his works in the 18th century by critics and biographers, including Warburton, Ruffhead, Johnson, Warton, and the poet himself. With 8 pages of photographs. 18s. net

British Scientists

E. J. Holmyard, M.SC., D.LITT.

Describing for the man in the street, avenue, rue, strasse, and via, why Britain may take pride in her long succession of eminent men of science. 96 pages, with 24 photographs. 6s. net

Prospectus post free

Remarkable First Novel

Mine is the Power

John Lukens

A topical and exciting story of the rise and fall of a dictator, a story with an underlying spiritual theme. 10s. 6d. net

New novel by the popular American author

The Dry Season

Dan Wickenden

The scene is Guatemala, the story a symphony of the tropics and of the comedy of life. 12s. 6d. net

Coming June 14

Sweet Cork of thee

Robert Gibbings

'In a sense a continuation of *Lovely is the Lee*,' says its famous author-artist. This new book opens up for us the little known county of Cork and the famous beauty spots of Kerry and beyond, taking us to the heart of the country and its people. With 75 wood engravings and a coloured frontispiece by the author. 16s. net

OBTAINABLE AT ALL BOOKSELLERS

Publishers: J. M. DENT AND SONS LTD. 10-13 Bedford Street, London, W.C.2

READY TO-DAY

First printings over 125,000

Joy Street

FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES

"I suppose that in her class she must be the most competent and popular novelist the world has ever known."

—Daniel George (*of 'Joy Street'*).

512 pages. 12/6 net.

The Human Use of Human Beings

Cybernetics and Society

NORBERT WIENER

A revolutionary new book by one of the great scientific minds of our time.

"It is the world of to-morrow that Dr. Wiener represents."

18/-. Observer.

How to Play Cricket

LEARIE CONSTANTINE

Originally published as "Cricketer's Cricket" this book, by one of the world's greatest all-round cricketers, is now re-issued.

"An expert treatise on the technique of the game . . . covers every phase."

10 plates. 10/6. Evening News.

The Maine Woods

HENRY DAVID THOREAU

A new edition of Thoreau's classic study of the north woods in the State of Maine, with 15 full-page and many smaller illustrations in black and white by Henry B. Kane. 10/-.

IN IMMENSE DEMAND

The Dark Page

NEIL BELL

"Handled with immense assurance and inventive facility."

10/6. Scotsman.

The Death Wish

VERA CASPARY

"Very good . . . high polish and technical competence."

10/6. Marghanita Laski (Observer).

3RD LARGE PRINTING

A Change of Heart

EMYR HUMPHREYS

"An ingenious surprise, exciting, beautifully handled and tense with dramatic skill."

10/6. C. P. Snow (Sunday Times).

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

Look Younger, Live Longer

GAYELORD HAUSER

This world-famous book, now published here, gives every man and woman, young or old, sane and sound advice on making their lives healthier and happier. 12/6

Wild Conquest

PETER ABRAHAMS

A South African Negro writes this story of the Great Trek. 'Extremely well-written and of unusual interest—Africa lives in these pages.'—*Recorder*. 12/6

The Broken Root

ARTURO BAREA

'A full, moving and strongly-coloured picture of the Spanish tragedy . . . superbly handled—You are not likely in a long march to come upon a current novel more impressive.'—*Oxford Mail*. 15/-

The Haunted Bookshop

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

The scene of this timeless novel is that booklover's paradise, an old-fashioned second-hand bookshop. *New edition*. 10/6

Oedipus Rex

translated by D. FITTS and R. FITZGERALD

A stimulating modern verse-translation by two American poets and scholars. 9/6

The Making of a National Theatre

GEOFFREY WHITWORTH

On July 13, the King is laying the foundation stone of the British National Theatre, so long the subject of controversy. The founder of the British Drama League tells the whole story of this struggle, with the many famous personalities who play their part. *Illustrated*. 25/-

No. 5 Bomber Group

W. J. LAWRENCE

Here for the first time is the full story of the daring bomber group that, among other breathtaking exploits, was responsible for the bombing of the Mohne and Eder dams and the sinking of the Tirpitz. *Well illustrated*. 15/-

Country Neighbourhood

R. W. KETTON-CREMER

'A fascinating book, closely focussed on a few square miles of the county and on one particular decade of the 18th century, yet nevertheless revealing the spirit of the times . . . excellent reading.'—*Sphere*. *Fully illustrated*. 18/-

Fencing with the Foil

ROGER CROSNIER

The first textbook in English to cover the proper method of fencing instruction and technique, by the national fencing coach for Great Britain. *With 38 drawings & 18 plates*. 21/-

FABER BOOKS

master of imaginative prose, he was also an industrious translator (whose version of *Faust* Goethe himself applauded, announcing that, now that he could no longer read his play in German, he found that the French rendering restored its novelty and freshness), an author of entertaining travel-books and a diligent professional playwright. In the second aspect he was readable and lively; but it was not until he began to leave the plane of conscious reason, and had descended into the underworld of his dreams and memories, that he was able to display the full force of his literary gifts. His later poems were composed "*dans un état de rêverie surnaturaliste*." They cannot be described, on the other hand, as "automatic writing"—the uncensored outpourings of the unconscious mind have usually little permanent interest; but the processes that produced them were certainly less deliberate than those of almost any other nineteenth-century European writer. They resulted, it might be more accurate to say, from an extremely gradual process of crystallisation, in which successive deposits of thought and feeling were fused, under mental pressure, into a luminous poetic whole. Some of the original deposits can still be uncovered; and one of the most instructive features of Mr. Rhodes's volume is his detailed analysis of such works as *El Desdichado* (which includes a reflection, subtilised and transfigured, of a lithe young Englishwoman he had once watched swimming in the sea near Naples, who also appears in the sonnet *Delfica*; while Aurélia, or Jenny Colon, is the "*seule étoile*" whose extinction had left him widowed and disconsolate) and of *Artémis*, a poem at first sight wrapped in even deeper mystery. Like a modern poet's, Gérard's verses are full of private references: unlike the average contemporary versifier, he is able to give these references a general poetic application. The ruined tower, the disconsolate prince, the extinguished star for which *El Desdichado* has assumed perpetual mourning, the siren cleaving her way through the translucent Mediterranean calm, become symbols of a spiritual odyssey in which he persuades us that we have all shared.

PETER QUENNELL

THE ACROPOLIS

We found no white and perfect temples—
no burnished marbles
Under no bright sun, no brilliant sky.

Armed against the old concomitants,
we found none—
Donkey's or driver's dung, fake findings,
The clever beverage, *bien glacé*.

Dark throttled winds shook here and there,
The air was grey with shattered columns,
and shuddered.

Areopagus crouched below, that bleak rock
Cold and criminal, with its disappointed
furious hole.

Before the caryatids' icy stare,
the tourists scurried—
A long road ran them back to happier Athens
and the heat.

D. J. ENRIGHT

SOCIALISM AND SIN

Restatement of Liberty. By P. C. GORDON WALKER. *Hutchinson.* 21s.

Cabinet Ministers, while in office, usually confine their publications to reprints of their more successful speeches; and even these semi-official compilations must receive the *imprimatur* of the Prime Minister. It is something of an event, therefore, to receive from Mr. Gordon Walker, His Majesty's Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations, a full-length book on the theory and practice of democratic Socialism. Despite its modest title and formidable superstructure of academic learning, *Restatement of Liberty* contains more polemical dynamite than any book since E. F. M. Durbin's *Politics of Democratic Socialism*, written in the late 1930's as a counterblast to the prevailing Leftism of G. D. H. Cole, John Strachey and Harold Laski.

Mr. Durbin was an economist with a keen interest in psychological research, and his statement of the Socialist case was deeply imbued with a respect for scientific humanism. Mr. Gordon Walker is an Oxford historian by profession, and an Anglican disciple of Arnold Toynbee by conviction: his approach, therefore, is very different. He abhors the notion that scientific method can greatly assist us either to understand or to control human society. He believes, like Sir Walter Moberly, that we can only save Western civilisation by unseating science and restoring to the Christian humanities their paramountcy. He condemns with militant severity the belief that it is our Socialist task to try to build the New Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land.

The whole argument of *Restatement of Liberty* is based on the premise that "the moral crisis of the West" is due to the effects of "Cartesianism." This ideology, according to Mr. Gordon Walker, destroyed the Medieval understanding of history and sense of sin, and created the moral and intellectual atmosphere of the machine age. It is as Cartesians that we are confronted, in his view, with a whole series of insoluble dilemmas: the choice between an impossible return to the free market and a horrific advance into total planning; between a sterile individualism and a monstrous collectivism; between capitalist reaction and Utopian ideas, which can only lead us into Communism. So long as he moves between these hopeless horns, there is no escape for Western man. His only hope is to repudiate the Cartesian belief in humanity's unlimited powers of self-emancipation, and accept the grim limits which original sin sets to human freedom.

This argument is developed at length, first speculatively and then with a wealth of historical illustration. Space forbids any full criticism of it, but I must point out that it is a long time since science grew out of the crude materialism and Western democracy discarded the Manchester Liberalism which Mr. Gordon Walker attributes to them. Indeed, the dilemmas with which he confronts Cartesian man are nearly as antiquated as his version of Cartesianism itself.

But accept the argument for the moment and consider where it leads us. Hegel, after volumes of learned dialectic, found the realisation of pure reason, rather ridiculously, in the Prussian State: Mr. Gordon Walker provides us with a similar anti-climax. In the concluding chapters of his book he sketches the outline of the Better Society, which will transcend the dilemmas of benighted Cartesian man. No reader can fail to notice that this outline coincides in almost every detail with the structure of Britain in 1950.

The Labour Government has some tremendous achievements to its credit since 1945. But I must admit that I was both astonished and dismayed at Mr. Gordon Walker's view that the social transformation, in its grand outline at least, is now complete. Mr. Morrison once, in a rare incautious mood, proclaimed the need for Consolidation. It was the untactful remark of a good tactician. Mr. Gordon Walker has turned Consolidation into a quasi-theological dogma, and solemnly warns us that to advocate further advances towards our old-fashioned Socialist ideals is to betray liberty. Millennialism, he repeats, is a besetting sin of Western democrats and Socialists. It has, indeed, caused the melancholy decline in our civilisation which began (believe it or not) in 1775! From the outbreak of the French Revolution we have been lurching towards destruction, owing to our sinful belief in science and the New Jerusalem. The working class, for instance, has long dreamt of workers' control, and lately bitterly resented the failure to practise it in our nationalised industries. Mr. Gordon Walker will have none of this. The worker must either rise into the managerial minority—which is composed of "socially superior" persons, thereby entitled to "superior rights"—or he must remain a unit of production.

> Once the State discharges on behalf of society the main social obligations that attach to wealth (*i.e.* introduces full social security), then industry, whether in public or private hands, can without scruple regard man at his place of work as economic man and nothing else . . . It can concentrate solely upon the end of economic efficiency.

Since he rightly sees that many workers will feel somewhat disappointed by this repellent picture of Socialist regimentation, he argues that the new State will have to cure them of their illusions, by the use of propaganda, "one of the chief necessary functions" of the Better Society.

And, if propaganda fails, there is always corrective punishment:

> The new State will also directly augment authority and social pressure by new powers of punishment and compulsion. So far from withering away, as in theory both the individualist and the total State should, the new State, if it is to bring into being and serve the better society, must create new offences and punish them . . . For a higher morality implies a wider concept of sin, immorality and crime.

Restatement of Liberty enables us to see the spiritual ossification which sets in when a Socialist is so scared of any progress which may land us in Communism that he turns consolidation into an article of faith.

It is wise to warn against the illusion of automatic progress and the dangers of slipshod perfectionism in a most imperfect world. It is proper to remind us that we must renounce pacifism and face the realities of power politics if we are to avert war. But to argue that pacifism is "as great a violation of the nature of the better society as aggressive war itself", and to dismiss the belief in workers' control as heresy, is to destroy the dynamic of Socialism—or, rather, to hand it over to the Communists to exploit for their own purposes. We cannot restate liberty by persuading ourselves that Blake was a premature fellow-traveller and expunging the New Jerusalem from the Socialist songbook. The fact is that the consolidation of our present social structure, and the sanctification of it as The Better Society, would transform Britain within ten years into the hierarchical, managerial State of Burnham's nightmare.

The concluding chapters of *Restatement of Liberty* deal with the external relations of the Better Society. What really astonished me, in a restatement of liberty by a Socialist Minister in charge of Commonwealth affairs, was the omission of any discussion of white exploitation or of the need for fair shares between nations, as well as within them. If anything is clear, it is that our liberties will not survive unless the advanced industrial societies of the West are ready to forgo their exploitation of the backward primary producers. But Mr. Gordon Walker would no doubt condemn this as yet another Utopian heresy.

I do not want to end on an ungrateful note. *Restatement of Liberty* is a thoughtful book, spaciously conceived, well constructed and consistently reasoned. Moreover, it is enormously self-revealing, and that in itself is a tribute to its quality. If Mr. Gordon Walker stimulates Socialists to explain exactly why his vision of the Better Society is so disastrously wrong, *Restatement of Liberty* will have served its purpose.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

United Nations and Power Politics

JOHN MACLAURIN. One of the main objects of this book is to point out that whereas people are too ready to praise or abuse UNO as an entity, it is the often self seeking motives of the individual powers composing it which should evoke criticism. The author gives a clear impression of the aims, rules and machinery of UNO and a vivid picture of the delegates at work. **25s. net**

Outer Mongolia and Its International Position

GERALD M. FRITERS. This is the first work to knit together the story of the economic, social and political changes which have occurred in Outer Mongolia and her relationship with the rest of the world. "Dr. Friters' work fills a crying need in the contemporary English documentation on the Far East."— *International Affairs.* **25s. net**

The Life of Francis Place

GRAHAM WALLAS. In presenting this life of Francis Place, the author has given a detailed account of the political thought and action in the early 19th century. "A very fine piece of work; a fascinating narrative."— *Manchester Guardian* **16s. net**

ALLEN & UNWIN LTD

PETER FLEMING

The Sixth Column

A SINGULAR TALE OF OUR TIME

Out on Monday

9/6

HART-DAVIS

THE LOGIC OF LIBERTY

MICHAEL POLANYI,

Professor of Social Studies at Manchester University

In the International Library of Sociology

15s. net

A free society is dedicated to certain beliefs which are opposed widely today. These essays clarify the position of liberty in response to the questions raised by our own period of history.

THE CHILD UNBORN

R. J. HARRISON,

Reader in Anatomy in the University of London, Charing Cross Hospital Medical School.

Illustrated *15s. net*

The first half of this century has seen great additions to the knowledge of reproductive anatomy and embryology and this book summarizes these advances in simple language.

To be published June 1st

THE PHYSICAL BASIS OF LIFE

J. D. BERNAL F.R.S.

9s. net

Based on the Guthrie Lecture delivered to the Physical Society in 1947, which was described as a "brilliantly speculative survey".

ROUTLEDGE & KEGAN PAUL

PERCIVAL MARSHALL

SHOWMEN AND SUCKERS *by Maurice Gorham*

The author draws on a wide and varied experience of what he calls the crazy fringe of entertainment business, the borderland between straight art and sheer sensation, seeking out what the spectator expects of the showman in the way of illusion, mystification, thrills, novelty, sex appeal, and how far he gets it. *The illustrations are by Edward Ardizzone.*

15s. net.

WRITTEN WITH MY LEFT HAND *by Nugent Barker*

Frederick Laws, Literary Editor of the News Chronicle, writes in that paper on May 15th:— *"Do not miss Written With My Left Hand by Nugent Barker. It consists of 21 tales, most of them macabre and all of them surprising. Readers are very properly suspicious of the claim that Mr. X is a born storyteller, but for Mr. Barker I can add the note that I had never heard any of his stories before and that the twist in his endings came as a genuine shock. 'The Curious Adventure of Mr. Bond,' who visited three inns, 'The Rest of the Traveller,' 'The Headless Man,' and 'The Traveller's Head' is the neatest and nastiest nightmare in print I have met with for years."*

9s. 6d. net.

PERCIVAL MARSHALL

Recent Publications

War Crimes Trials Series

Volume VIII

THE DOUBLE-TENTH TRIAL

Edited by

COLIN SLEEMAN & S. C. SILKIN

Barristers-at-Law

Illustrated 18s.

The trial of Japanese military police for ill-treating and torturing civilians in Singapore.

Rivers of America

THE ST. LAWRENCE

by HENRY BESTON

Illustrated 10s. 6d.

"A visual historical imagination, enjoyment of the French Canadian character, and sensitivity to the natural scene pervade his beautifully written book . . . one of the rare books on Canada that make that interesting country sound interesting."—*Times Literary Supplement.*

Publication 7th June

Notable British Trials Series

THE TRIAL OF FREDERICK BYWATERS AND EDITH THOMPSON

Second Edition

Edited by FILSON YOUNG

Illustrated 15s.

WILLIAM HODGE

18 STORIES ABOUT INDIA

THE PHANTOM WATERFALL

. . . remarkable book of short stories . . . and C. knows his India well; climate, landscape, religion and circumstance are happily welded in his impressions . . . Let the reader . . . leaf it through, browsing, musing, chuckling, and tasting. Skipping won't do—

The New Review *(Calcutta)*

ABBEY PRESS, ABINGDON, BERKS.

THE H-BOMB

The Hell Bomb. By W. L. LAURENCE. *Hollis & Carter.* 9s. 6d.

This is a book by the best-known American scientific journalist about the various aspects of the hydrogen atomic bomb; the super-atomic bomb whose intended development President Truman announced in January 1950. Roughly, the first third is spent in a discussion, using published sources of information, of what this bomb could be expected to do and how it might possibly be made. The next section is concerned with the ethics and expediency of its use. Then follows thirty-five pages of clear and readable exposition entitled "A Primer of atomic energy," and then appendices containing material prepared by the staff of the Joint Congressional Committee of Atomic Energy at Senator McMahon's request, summarising the history of the attempt at international control of atomic energy and the bearing of this new possible weapon upon it. This contains some material not readily available in this country. It refers freely to deuterium and tritium as possible constituents of the bombs. These are respectively the substance commonly known as "heavy hydrogen" and a still heavier isotope of hydrogen, which being unstable does not occur in nature and has to be made in an atomic pile.

Mr. Laurence comes to the conclusion that the bomb could be made of deuterium and a little tritium, set off by the explosion of an ordinary atom bomb. The arguments by which he reaches this conclusion are unduly simplified and too much weight should not be laid on the numerical values he deduces. In particular, the quantity of tritium which he supposes would be required is hardly more than guessed at, and this is important, because if large quantities of tritium were needed, the H-bomb could only be made at the expense of a great reduction in the production of ordinary bombs. Nevertheless, the book is reasonably informative, and nothing better has so far appeared in public. Indeed we have not been told yet that the project is a possible one, though the U.S. Government clearly thinks it sufficiently promising to justify spending a good deal of money.

In considering the ethics of this bomb Mr. Laurence rejects the view of the twelve distinguished American scientists who asked that the President should promise that it should not be used except in retaliation for the use of a bomb of the same kind. He distinguishes between what he calls a "rigged" and an "unrigged" bomb, the "rigging" consisting of surrounding the bomb with a casing of a material designed to give radioactive dust which it is widely believed might make large parts of the earth uninhabitable. The use of this he would renounce while retaining that of the "unrigged" bomb. At the same time, he would renounce the attack of towns and civilians by any kind of bomb, atomic or otherwise. Since he expects the bomb to devastate "more than 1,200 square miles by fire" it is difficult to see how the towns and civilians can be avoided. Such a bomb may indeed be a formidable military weapon, though perhaps not more so than the ordinary atomic bombs which could be obtained by equal effort, but how can it ever be a humane one? Personally I believe the twelve American scientists were right, and that this new type of bomb should be made but not used.

Mr. Laurence quite rightly points out that the danger of blowing up the world by even the greatest imaginable release of atomic energy is non-existent. One is apt to forget the battering this planet of ours is perpetually taking. It would be a formidable H-bomb that equalled the Krakatoa explosion.

In his comments in the appendix, Mr. Laurence concludes that the proposals for the international control of atomic energy were dead even without the H-bomb, but that it makes the problem still more impossible of solution—a conclusion with which few will disagree.

G. P. THOMSON

Compton Mackenzie says of

THE PAPER PALACE

A Novel by

Robert Harling

'Mr. Robert Harling achieves a *tour de force*. "The Paper Palace" is a brilliant performance.'

Recommended by The Book Society

Large Cr. 8vo. 316 pages 10s. 6d.

Chatto & Windus

AHEAD OF US ALL

Inquiring Spirit: A new presentation of Coleridge from his published and unpublished prose writings. Edited by KATHLEEN COBURN. *Routledge.* 25s.

Many in recent years have felt a peculiar *rapport* with Coleridge, as though he were able to speak to us out of the past in our own language. We feel it most strongly in his less formal utterances, in his notebooks and marginalia for example: the intense flashes of an extraordinary mind. One might suppose that by now even the scraps and fragments of his genius would have been collected: It is surprising therefore, and indeed shocking, that a very large part of Coleridge, and perhaps the most interesting part, has yet to be published.

In the process of editing the voluminous notebooks, from which only extracts have so far appeared, Miss Coburn has explored all known manuscript sources and has also turned a searching eye on the published prose, a great deal of which, as she points out, is not available in any recent edition. The present volume is a by-product of her important labours. She has picked out passages which illustrate with startling effect Coleridge's imaginative approach to problems of psychology and semantics, politics and chemistry, religion, education and literary criticism. One third of the material is new. The selection is admirable and yet I think Miss Coburn would agree that one could dig out several other volumes equally striking from the great Coleridgean mine. Here is a national treasure which has long lain as neglected as the wolfram deposits in Devonshire. All honour and gratitude to Miss Coburn, of Toronto University, for leading the way to it.

How to account for such neglect? Some of those notebook entries and annotations which now seem most pregnant may have appeared to earlier readers perversely unintelligible. When Coleridge writes of "reducing the whole of Daemonology and Diabolography to Neuropathology," or when he proposes a new "Psycho-somatic Ology," he is using words which have only recently appeared in our dictionaries and concepts which only the last few years have made familiar. Poor Coleridge! He had got so far ahead in 1812 (when he was writing like this) that I fear he may still be a bit beyond us in 1951. As for our failure to make the most of the published prose works—and they were published in popular cheap editions in the late nineteenth century—it must be granted that they often appear to be impenetrable unless one's interest has already been thoroughly aroused.

Books have been written on Coleridge "the first semasiologist" (I. A. Richards), the logician and philosopher (A. D. Snyder), the religious thinker (C. R. Sanders), the political theorist (R. S. White), as well as about Coleridge the literary critic, the poet, the conversationalist. Miss Coburn suggests, I think rightly, that this multiplicity of interests is unified by "what can only be called a psychological approach to all human problems." To borrow the phrase used of Stendhal by *Petit Larousse Illustré*, Coleridge was above all the "*psychologue lucide*." He moreover insisted that psychology should not be separated from physiology. He had a scientific curiosity about matters which were later to be the starting-point of psycho-analytic theory—the symptoms of mental illness, the symbolism of dreams and the way small children talk and behave. He analyses his own neurosis:

> So in my childhood and Boyhood the horror of being detected with a sorehead; afterwards imaginary fears of having the Itch in my Blood. Then a short-lived Fit of Fears from sex, then horror of *Duns*, and a state of struggling with madness from an incapability of hoping that I should be able to marry Mary Evans.

He can see beyond himself, too, and into his relations with others, as when he writes of:

> that perilous moment (for such there is) of a half-reconciliation, when the Coldness and the Resentment have been sustained too long! Each is drawing toward the other—but like Glass in the mid-state between fusion and compaction a single sand will splitter it.

Objectivity about oneself is the first stage towards realism about the outer world. How wonderful is the long passage (hitherto only printed in a volume of Princeton studies) where Coleridge describes to Sarah Hutchinson a solitary tour in the Lake Country. Without bravado and in vigorously accurate language he describes his dangerous technique for descending a precipice. What he sees among the crags is set down without mysticism or literature. The imagination at work here is of a scientific kind. Coleridge is always at his greatest where science and poetry meet.

In her excellent introduction, Miss Coburn points out that in his own day Coleridge "enjoyed the company of chemists and physicists, medical men, politicians of every stripe, farmers, tanners" and so on through a long list. Nor was he "just the inspired talker." For example, "when Poole had a chemistry problem in his tan-yard, it was Coleridge who asked questions of Davy, the solutions of which helped to further Davy's career." He wrote a masterly pamphlet, at Sir Robert Peel's request, in defence of the Factory Act of 1818. He was far-sighted enough to see that England was about to climb towards commercial domination of the world and the price that must be paid for it. The emotive use of language in the political and social sphere did not take him in. Thus he writes:

> In what sense not utterly sophistical, can the labour of children, extorted from the want of their parents, "their poverty but not their will consenting," be called *free?*

Nor will he allow the war against Napoleon to be called a "Crusade." He proposes "A Society for opposing National Antipathies"—this in 1810—and in 1830 deeply regrets "the anti-American articles of some of the leading reviews." But he adds of the Americans: "It would be better for them if they were a trifle thicker-skinned." Here again it is the "psychological approach" that is distinctive of Coleridge. Quick to detect the

irrational masking itself in rationalist economics and politics, he insists also that it is to be remembered "by controversialists on all subjects, that every speculative error which boasts a multitude of advocates, has its *golden* as well as its dark side."

CHARLES MADGE

NEW NOVELS

A Last Sheaf. By DENTON WELCH. *John Lehmann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The House and the Fort. By CHARLES HUMANA. *Hogarth Press.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Mistletoe Malice. By KATHLEEN FARRELL. *Hart-Davis.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Wink. By KEM BENNETT. *Hart-Davis.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

A Last Sheaf is the second posthumous publication of work by Denton Welch. It contains a collection of several sketches and short stories, hitherto unpublished in book form, to which have been added a fragment of a novel, some poems, and reproductions of nine of his paintings. Most of the contents are straightforward autobiography or autobiography thinly disguised; and youth is the other subject they deal with. There is an amusing account of a visit to Sickert. In *The Earth's Crust*, the most moving sketch of them all because the simplest and the least self-conscious, Welch is a young art student wandering alone in London and witnessing its horror; in *Memories of a Vanished Period* he gets drunk during an air raid on London; in *A Fragment of a Life Story* he attempts unsuccessfully to commit suicide. *A Party*, a description of a fancy dress affair in the art student milieu, represents him at his worst; perhaps it is an early work. The three stories, *The Hateful Word*, *The Diamond Badge*, and *A Picture in the Snow*, which he wrote in the last year of his life are superior to the others, for in them he seems to have been able to get a little distance away from himself; but although, like all his work, they exhibit his acute sensibility and fluency of self-expression the lack of some vital substance renders them effete. The fragment of a novel is similar in its style, and in much of its content, to *A Party*.

Mr. Humana has a very different kind of voice. His first novel, *The House and the Fort*, is plainly, crudely, almost naively didactic. Every character and each development of the plot are subordinated to its message. But since the message is wholly admirable and perhaps may sow seeds here and there on fertile ground, one is tempted to overlook the many clichés in the book, the stiffness of the dialogue, the unreality of most of the characters, and praise its several redeeming qualities: these are, in ascending order of virtue, sincerity, form, a mild suspense, an artistry struggling to be born, and the creation of three (possibly four) characters who detest men in uniform.

Roberto, the hero of the story, is an English deserter in Italy. His desertion, which he prefers to call progression, represents the triumph of his conscience over his sense of duty. When we meet him the war is over and he has just been captured, having been on the run for two years. He escapes during the first few pages and, being slightly injured in the getaway, takes refuge with a family of peasants who live alone on a hill by the sea. The head of this family, Paolo, is a good man and a man of faith. He has given up a lucrative job in Cairo to return to his mother in Italy and to rebuild their home which was destroyed in the same raid that damaged a nearby coastal battery. Parallel with the story of Paolo's rebuilding of his house, which is, of course, symbolical, runs the story of another piece of post-war reconstruction; the army authorities, having decided that the coastal battery must be made serviceable again in the interests of peace, send soldiers and engineers to the hill. Roberto, therefore, when he becomes Paolo's guest, finds himself in a situation perfectly calculated to inflame his ideals and prejudices; and overcoming the desire to return to England and his fiancée he stays to help Paolo and hinder the men in uniform. His final desperate act of sabotage is perplexing; it does not conform to orthodox pacifist behaviour and if taken literally would make nonsense of the book's theme; but the sabotage too, one hopes, is symbolical.

The third of these books is much the most rewarding. *Mistletoe Malice* is Miss Farrell's first novel and a strikingly good novel it is. With a valour that in most people would have been indiscreet she has borrowed Miss Compton Burnett's formula and copied her technique; and she has done so without losing more than a small portion of her own individuality. There are differences, of course: the family group is contemporary; the unities of time and place are less strictly maintained; the tone is less intellectual; the background is more obtrusive. But it is clear that these modifications, and others, have been carefully thought out; Miss Farrell is an artist deliberately extending a literary form, and not an inspired *pasticheur*. A cheerless Christmas party provides the setting for the story. Gathered together for the occasion are a tyrannical mother, her two children and a son-in-law, a niece who lives with her, and two young cousins, and they give each other neither peace nor goodwill from Christmas Eve to Boxing Day. The absurd and heroic love of the niece for a cousin who loves himself is the main situation, and it is brilliantly developed. But the wit of the book and its psychological penetration are what hold one's attention. Miss Farrell has a marvellous knowledge of the torture-chambers that people construct for themselves and into which they retreat for comfort.

The superstition of Roman Catholics, the religious enthusiasm of rich American ladies, the venality of the French, the scoutmasterliness of English clergymen—these are the big four jokes that Mr. Bennett exploits with moderate success in *The Wink*. The Reverend William Anker is on holiday at a seaside village in Normandy and is pursued at that place by Mrs. Biddlesome Hackett: "any friend of God's" she explains, "is a friend of mine." These two are the only witnesses of a miracle performed by a minor Saint. He winks at them. The visitors, albeit Protestant, are convinced of the genuineness of this unorthodox revelation and so are the inhabitants of the village, the capitalists in particular; but the local Bishop, unwilling to believe a Saint guilty of such levity, proclaims the wink to have been the work of the Devil. The conflict between these two parties, and the intrigues that spring from it, provide the plot, which grows more farcical with each development. The intention of the book is not satirical, Mr. Bennett evidently being less interested in poking fun than in pulling it out. What he extracts from this situation is gay but not very fresh.

MICHAEL RAMSBOTHAM

CHESS HUMANISED

Adventure in Chess. By ASSIAC. *Turnstile Press.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Chess writing takes many forms. Some of it comes into the category of literature. There are austere analytical works like R. Fine's *Basic Chess Endings* and the serious historical studies on Paul Morphy by P. W. Sergeant. These are the exceptions. More commonly chess writing approaches a particularly obnoxious pattern, in which English style degenerates into a characteristic series of threadbare phrases something like this "The Dutch master, who has so far handled the dark coloured pieces with consummate skill, now overcomes his redoubtable opponent by a cascade of sheer brilliancy."

The articles contributed by Assiac to THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, now amplified and produced in book form provide something again quite different. The author is someone to whom chess is an art and his treatment is that of an essayist. He feels that, like other arts, chess has its philosophical implications. The idea of stalemate, for example, he finds deeply rooted in the spirit of the game because "the basic idea of

New Revised Edition

"OLD Q'S" DAUGHTER

A Strange Family History

BERNARD FALK

Ready. 18*s.*

★

RESTATEMENT OF LIBERTY

THE RT. HON. P. C. GORDON WALKER, M.P.

Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations. 21*s.*

NEW NOVELS

VIVIAN CONNELL

The Hounds of Cloneen

In seductively powerful prose the author of *The Chinese Room* (over 2,000,000 sold) tells a story of the gay Irish gentry. 8*s.* 6*d.*

EDEN PHILLPOTTS

Through a Glass Darkly

"Eden Phillpotts' inimitable way with rustic wit and wisdom loses none of its entertaining and endearing quality with the years."—*Scotsman.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

URSULA BLOOM

Pavilion

"The portrait of Mrs. Fitzherbert, the correct and gentle lady for whom the Pavilion was so strange a background, is sympathetically drawn."
Edith Shackleton (Lady). 9*s.* 6*d.*

A natural storyteller. An entertaining and exciting historical novel set in the 17th Century.
C. P. Snow (Sunday Times)

MIST OVER PENDLE

by Robert Neill

Daily Graphic Book Find.
328 pages 3rd imp. 10s. 6d.

Hutchinson

the game no less than of life which it symbolises so beautifully" is the inescapable need to keep things moving. The reader is continually reminded of the dramatic qualities of the game itself, of the exquisite precision and variety of the situations which can occur. The originality of the book and the interest which it consequently provides lies in this imaginative and human approach.

The search for a prototype of Assiac's way of thinking leads to the European continent. Many of the positions quoted and indeed many of the sequences of ideas in the book can be traced to K. Richter's *Kurzgeschichten um Schachfiguren* published in 1947 and the debt is duly acknowledged. But the philosophy—or part of it—can be traced to the Viennese group of players who were emphasising the artistic side of chess some thirty years ago. The best known of these are Tartakover and Reti. Another aspect, the rather ponderous analogy between the stresses of the game and those in real life, has its background in the writings of Emanuel Lasker.

Occasionally Assiac, following Richter, is led astray; both, for instance, draw special attention to the elephantine nature of the rook. Although in ancient chess both bishop and rooks were elephants, European custom only retained the bishop in that capacity. Our own medieval bishops were indeed alphyns, i.e., elephants, and the Russians still use an equivalent name. There are, of course, also a few technical errors such as are found in all chess books. On p. 27, in the lower diagram, after White's 1, Q-Kt2, Black overlooks mate on the move which makes his subsequent play superfluous. A Knight on *e*8 (p. 139) should be black and a pawn on *a*2 (p. 112) should be white. It is the black King representing Napoleon on p. 175 and not the black Knight, as stated, who is chased by Cossacks. But players, who read the last chapter appealing for some system of copyright to be applied to chess, will forgive the author such minor faults.

Although written for diversion rather than for instruction, the book contains much useful information which can be of value to experienced players as well as to beginners. Yet the main appeal is to those for whom chess is a relaxation and a hobby. For good reading, I particularly recommend the chapter on the scourge and blessing of time control. As a psychological curiosity it would be hard to beat the position composed by an ingenuous German to depict and to justify the violation of Belgian neutrality in 1914. Finally, the publishers must be congratulated upon their excellent choice of diagrams and printing—thank goodness the almost indecipherable diagrams of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION column have not been perpetuated. Furthermore, they have had two splendid inspirations, an attached pocket board of most elegant design at the end of the book and a charming dust cover drawing by Vicky. L. S. PENROSE

PUBLISHED TODAY

BRITISH and AMERICAN ENGLISH SINCE 1900

ERIC PARTRIDGE

(Usage and Abusage, A Dictionary of Slang, etc.)

JOHN W. CLARK

(Associate Professor, University of Minnesota)

For *N. S. & N.* readers depressed by Anglo-American friction, here at any rate is one successful and delightful 'combined operation.'

342 pages 18*s*

ANDREW DAKERS LTD.

Why not spend a fascinating week among interesting people at one of the Summer Schools of the National Council of Labour Colleges? Edinburgh (14th—21st July, 28th July—4th August), Dortmund, Germany (21st—28th July, 28th July—4th August), Courteenhall House, Northampton (11th—18th August). British School fee £5 5 0 per week. Continental £6 6 0 or with 2nd class fare (London to Dortmund) £17. Apply to J. P. M. Millar, General Secretary, N.C.L.C. Tillicoultry, Scotland.

NANNY

Simpson. By EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

First published twenty years ago, *Simpson* remains a most interesting novel and something, indeed, of a *tour-de-force*. For Mr. Sackville West has set himself what was, on the face of it, a very difficult task, the painting of a full-length portrait of an old-fashioned nanny. In his preface to this new edition, he states that part of the motive in writing *Simpson* was to discover "whether it lay in my power to write a novel in accordance with the main tradition of European fiction," and there, it seems to me, lies the clue to his success. Nannies, in English fiction, are almost invariably comic characters—think of the chorus of nannies in Mr. Henry Green's *Party Going*—or gross sentimentalisations. For both there is a good reason, that indicated by Bagehot in his discussion of Scott's treatment of the poor:

> Nothing [he says] is so rare in fiction as a good delineation of the poor. . . . Mean manners and mean vices are unfit for prolonged delineation; the every-day pressure of narrow necessities is too petty a pain and too anxious a reality to be dwelt upon. . . . (Dickens's) poor people have taken to their poverty very thoroughly; they are—poor talkers and poor livers, and in all ways poor people to read about.

Now, nannies may not exactly be poverty-stricken peasants, but it is generally assumed that their reasons for following their calling are wholly economic: who would voluntarily choose to devote their lives to caring for other people's children? This view has been amusingly expressed by Sir Alan Herbert in a lyric that runs something like this—I quote from memory:

> Other people's babies—what a life!
> Everyone's mother and nobody's wife.

For Sir Alan's nanny the compensations for her job are purely snobbish, that she remembers when the deb. of the season was a proper little terror in her bath.

Mr. Sackville West will have none of this. He goes unerringly to the root of the matter, that the nanny's is a true vocation—it is significant that Simpson comes not from the very poor but from a solid lower middle class family to whom the notion of domestic service is abhorrent—and his novel is a study in vocation. It is this that gives it its dignity. Quite simply, Simpson is doing with her life what she has to do; for her, fulfilment lies precisely in caring for other people's babies. She is, as it were, a specialist, with the specialist's enormous pride; she is ruthless, too, for nothing must be allowed to interfere with the fulfilment of her calling. The end of the novel was, apparently, criticised when first published as melodramatic: caught in Germany when the first world war breaks out, Simpson returns as soon as the war is over in order, as it were, to "complete" the small boy who was her charge, and she is killed in Berlin by a machine-gun bullet in the civil disorders of the time. For me, this ending seems no less than right: Simpson's qualities are heroic; in a way, the nearest analogy to her life and to her view of herself is the missionary priests'.

Mr. Sackville West's main problem, one imagines, was that of securing variety of incident and scene without sacrificing the position of Simpson as the central character. He succeeds very subtly. One could instance in contrast to the scenes of upper-class life and those set in Germany, the section where Simpson leaves service for a time to live with her widowed sister in South London, a most able exposure of lower middle class squalor and nagging discontent—the discontent of conscious inadequacy, and the most thorough-going exercise in the manner of Gissing that we have had since Gissing. But Simpson herself is anything but a Gissing character: firm, solid, conceived in the round, she is an expression, as one of the minor characters says, of the sense of glory.

WALTER ALLEN

TITO'S PEBBLE

Tito and Goliath. By HAMILTON FISH ARMSTRONG. *Gollancz.* 18*s.*

The witty title of this able book suggests a little more than its author ventured to prophesy. David slew Goliath; then is Tito's "pebble from the brook" a mortal weapon? Mr. Armstrong, who weighs facts with the skill characteristic of the ablest American publicists, does not in his summing up go as far as that. He does, however, argue convincingly that Tito's assertion of his independence has had important psychological consequences; already a "whisper of doubt" is everywhere audible in the Soviet camp. It will have even graver military consequences, if ever Stalin attacks. Tito's pebble is an every-day sort of stone, that anyone can find in the first brook he comes to, be it Danube, Vistula or Elbe. It is merely the common-sense axiom that the methods of reaching Socialism must vary, as nations vary in their history and social structure. It is a deadly heresy, however, because it carries the implication that national parties, and not the Kremlin or the Cominform, should set the pace and choose the tactics. For the first time, Mr. Armstrong assembles evidence which leads to the probable conclusion that most of the European Communist leaders, including (it may be) Zhdanov, were at the start in sympathy with Tito's "nationalism." For this reason Gomulka, Rajk, Kostov and Clementis were struck down; conceivably for this reason Zhdanov and Dimitrov failed to recover from their illnesses. In chapter after chapter, the fate of these men is traced with intimate knowledge. These pages do not make cheerful reading; I would rather, for choice, wallow in the mire of Suetonius. Since the veteran philosopher, Dr. Dewey, tore the case against Trotsky to tatters, there has been nothing like them as a demonstration that absolute power corrupts.

Mr. Armstrong gives us several reasons why Tito survived, while the other "nationalists" went under. The Communist Party in Yugoslavia, he tells us truly, was the creation of one man, and none of the other Communist parties were. Like the army of to-day, it inherited the traditions of the Partisans, who also were this man's creation. They alone had the right to be proud because they had liberated their country from the Nazis, almost unaided. To this I would add what I felt every day during a recent stay among the South Slavs. This nation still cherishes the memory of the Partisans with a proud and affectionate gratitude that has no parallel in our time. Tito incarnates their record. It is, moreover, in the tradition of this spirited people to defy Goliaths. Its fathers won their freedom from the Ottoman Empire and brought the Habsburgs down. That is why, in spite of many economic grievances, the immediate majority stood in these years of peril behind Tito.

There is evidence in this book, some of it unpublished, that the Yugoslav Communists showed a surprising independence long before the break in 1948. With some hesitation Mr. Armstrong accepts as genuine two proclamations dated April 15 and May 1, 1941, calling for resistance to "the Nazi bandits." I saw the original leaflets, badly

printed and set by an amateur compositor, presumably in an underground press; I met the man who ran it, and saw photographs showing the reception by the crowds in Belgrade of these calls to arms. At this time Stalin was still Hitler's ally. I feel reasonably sure that these things were not faked. I can also confirm, from other sources, the very curious story which Mr. Armstrong tells so well about Stalin's attitude towards the formation of a Balkan Federation. He approved, even on the eve of the break, the lesser project of a South Slav Federation, confined to Yugoslavia and Bulgaria. This he thought he could control. What he would not tolerate were Dimitrov's grandiose schemes for a Union including all or most of the Eastern Satellites. The lesser project was vetoed in 1946 by our Foreign Office, a performance that ranks among its major errors of judgment. In talking to men who were in the Yugoslav Cabinet in 1948, I found that in explaining the reasons for the break, they stressed, even more than the economic exploitation practised by the Kremlin, the clash between the bent of the Russian advisers towards centralisation and the Yugoslav instinct for local autonomy. Of late Tito has claimed that he is hastening "the withering away of the State" by devolution and the reduction of the swollen bureaucratic apparatus, but above all by conferring on elected committees of workers and technicians the actual management of nationalised industries and workshops.

To this latter innovation Mr. Armstrong devotes only two sentences. The weakness of his big book lies in its lack of interest in the bold plans and promising achievements of the Revolution in the field of social policy. He mentions neither health nor education. Is it nothing to stamp out illiteracy and malaria? One cannot censure too sharply the use round about 1949 of various forms of indirect pressure to drive the peasants into the co-operative farms (working *zadrugas*). But this stupid tactic has been abandoned and the whole ill-advised system of requisitioning farm-produce is being drastically changed. The early *zadrugas*, sprang from the initiative of the peasants themselves. Mr. Armstrong's dislike of the *zadrugas*, given his capitalistic outlook, is natural. But a writer in other respects so scrupulous might have found space to mention the visible gains, both technical and social—the new barns and machines, the new cottages and beds enjoyed by peasants who used to sleep on the floor in hovels. He tells us that the peasants have ceased to be free men, although they elect the overseers under whom they work. Were they freer as share-croppers or day-labourers? Only a minority were prosperous *Kulaks*. They now enjoy state-credits, interest-free; they used to pay the usurer anything up to 60 per cent. Mr. Armstrong quotes, as if he endorsed it, the statement that the *zadrugas* are run by ignorant men. In those I saw the overseers are sent periodically to college for refresher courses in scientific agriculture. They are proud of their new techniques and record yields. Above all, they are proud of the cultural life they enjoy in common.

Mr. Armstrong says very wisely that the Allies gained nothing by their diplomatic protests against the ill-treatment of Non-Communists in Satellite States. Silence would have done them less harm. He favours (though with great caution) the grant of arms to Yugoslavia. What I miss among his recommendations is a call for a plain statement in advance by the Big Three that they will make common cause with her, if she is attacked. Our aim should be by all fair means to prevent that attack. But it is on our global policy that the efficacy of Tito's pebble will depend. The Yugoslavs are watching China closely, because they realise how similar (on a vast scale) is her case to theirs. Mr. Armstrong quotes Tito's opinion that America should emphasise the differences between Stalin and Mao Tse-tung, "instead of lumping them together." Goliath will not fall, if we go on recruiting all Asia to prop him up.

H. N. BRAILSFORD

What The English Think Of Us. By FRED VANDERSCHMIDT. *Quality Press.* 12s. 6d.

Americans desperately want to be liked by other people, and they are most sensitive to remarks, whether justified or not, which cast doubts upon American behaviour or motives. Mr. Vanderschmidt, who is in the London Bureau of *Newsweek*, has been led into a sharp but inverted defence of the United States by his irritation against "anti-Americanism" in this country. His book, largely the work of scissors and paste, is a compendium of quotations from letters to the press, political speeches, and the reports of British correspondents in the U.S. It is chattily written and controversial in content. Drawing upon these newspaper sources, and upon his own experience, he discusses the "average" British reaction to the Marshall Plan, Hollywood, Americans in particular and American culture in general. Naturally, this is accompanied by a series of snide remarks about the "Socialist Government." In hurt tones, Mr. Vanderschmidt complains that all the ills of British life, from food shortages to crises in Palestine are laid at America's door. The author rightly criticises some of the ignorant and chauvinistic "anti-American" comments which appear in the British press. But too often he presents serious and legitimate criticism as the ravings of Left-wing politicians or as sour grapes from a nation which has come down in the world. Favourable comment, conversely, is "honest and intelligent journalism." Mr. Vanderschmidt seems as naive about the politics of his own country as he seems unable, in spite of his title, to see them as others do. He might note two remarks by Don Iddon, whom he singles out for attack. "A man should be able to express his views without being regarded as an enemy. One harsh lesson (the Americans) have to learn as world leaders is that there is no gratitude in international affairs and little love for the 'top dog'."

A Short History of the English Novel. By S. D. NEILL. *Jarrolds.* 12s. 6d.

The difficulties involved in writing a history of the English novel are obvious, and though some may be surmounted it is unlikely that all will be. Is the main stress to be on the history, or on individual novels? And how is space to be allocated? If Gissing is to get five pages and Rolfe four, how many are needed to assess Fielding? According to Miss Neill, five and a half. But then Aldous Huxley has nine: it is improbable that he is twice as good a novelist. Miss Neill's book, then, suffers primarily from a misplacement of emphasis; she seems to see our earlier fiction as important not in its own right, but because it is a stage on the way to the later. Compared with the detailed treatment she gives to the novelists of the last hundred years, her chapters on the eighteenth-century novelists are quite inadequate. This means that she has failed to capture and render the essential qualities of life that made them important in their own day and still exciting reading in ours. She supplies a great deal of background information which will be valuable to the student, and pots a great many plots, though she also indulges far too much in such bald summarising as "Thackeray's next novel, *Pendennis* (1848–50) is autobiographical, with Charterhouse somewhat idealised as Greyfriars. Among many amusing characters in the story is Captain Shandon, the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who drafts his first prospectus in the Fleet," and "Some of the most sensitive work in contemporary fiction is associated with the names of Rose Macaulay, Compton Burnett and Storm Jameson." Miss Neill makes a plucky attempt to cope with Lawrence and Joyce. As an introduction to the English novel at University Extension level her book may well be useful, and at any rate can do no harm. But the complex of attributes that make one novel better than another, both historically and absolutely, has slipped through her fingers.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,109

Set by Tony Trussom

An American is reported as having hesitated to accept the bequest of a stately home in England because of a condition that he should take up residence there. "I don't want to be an English gentleman with nothing to do all day but sit and eat crumpets." The usual prizes are offered for a set of three comments from Englishmen faced with similar bequests requiring residence in other countries. Entries by June 5th.

Subscription Rates

Yearly, £2 5s. 0d.; Six months, £1 2s. 6d.; Three months, 11s. 6d. to any address in the world.

AIR MAIL

To any country in Europe, £3 8s. 0d. yearly (except Poland and Iceland, £3 13s. 0d.).
To other countries by special quotation.

AIR EXPRESS

Posted immediately on arrival at main airport.
Africa, West, £3 15s. South and East, £4.
India, Pakistan, £4 5s. Singapore, Malaya, £4 10s.
Hong Kong, £4 15s. Australia, £5 15s.
New Zealand, £6.
All AIR Subscriptions pro rata for six months.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

10, Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.
Holborn 8471.

CANADA & U.S.A.

Residents in North America may remit for surface or Air Express subscriptions to:
BRITISH PUBLICATIONS Inc.,
30, East 60th Street, N.Y.22, N.Y.
Surface, $7.50 yearly. Air Express, $17 yearly.
Both pro rata for six months.

POSTAGE *on this issue Inland*, 1½*d.*; *Foreign*, 1½*d. Canada*, 1*d.*

WILLIAM SANSOM

The Face of Innocence

'The portrait of a memorable minx'
Spectator

'Mr. William Sansom . . . vitalizes every page he writes. THE FACE OF INNOCENCE is as good as modern English prose can be'
John Betjeman, *Daily Telegraph*

The Daily Mail Book of the Month

Recommended by the Book Society

9s. 6d.

THE HOGARTH PRESS

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,106

Set by Naomi Lewis

The usual prizes are offered for a textbook entry (limit 150 words), noting natural history habits and lore, of one of the following metaphorical beasts: a black sheep, a scapegoat, a white elephant, a lone wolf, a ghoul, a guinea-pig, a hound, a gad-fly.

Report by Naomi Lewis

Very educational this—entries arriving, indeed, from the Zoological faculties of several universities. Items of research on the popular *Black Sheep* and other fauna are given below. BLACK SHEEP: "(*Familia respecta* variety *rejecta*), can best be distinguished from its close relative, the Poor Sheep, (variety *tuttut*) by its more defiant attitude, and often, its more luxuriant coat. . . ." (Richard P. Korf.) "Among its activities is a trick the shepherds call 'Confidence,' which begins by presupposing the transference of the fleece from the Black Sheep to the back of an ordinary sheep, and ends with the transference of the fleece of an ordinary sheep to the back of a Black Sheep." (G. J. Blundell.) "Thrown up as a sport, of unexpected parents (usually *Ov. Sacerdos*) to whom it comes as a cross, never by direct breeding because no female of the species known." (R. J. P. Hewison.) WHITE ELEPHANT: "*Origin*: uncertain; possibly a Mendelian recessive, ejected as unwanted by the tribe . . . *Characteristic odour*: camphor." (K. L. J.) "He mates at church bazaars." (D. Grant.) HOUND: "(*Canis Kensingtonis*). *Coat*: handsome; occasional long blonde hairs . . . *Habitat*: Here there is some disagreement. Species is most often seen on rocks (some authorities); rarely out of woods (others). Further accounts describe it as lurking, solitary and savage, in vicinity of banks (probably overdrawn)." (Martin Jordan.)

Prizes are shared between the four printed. Among other commendable parasitologists were W. Robinson, E. V. Leitch, I. Chester Jones, Goodwill, Mrs. J. Muir, R. S. Bray, William Chittenden, H. A. C. Evans.

BLACK SHEEP

Many people hold that these animals should not strictly be classed among the sheep, but among the goats.

They live out in the cold with others of their kind, sometimes among rolling stones, and often on the rocks. They are practically omnivorous, eating anything from the husks of corn to fatted calves, although there are a few plants which they avoid, notably thrift, and honesty. Like the camel, they will go for long periods without water.

They are not good wool-producers, and most attempts to fleece them come to nothing. Indeed, even domestic sheep, if brought too frequently into contact with them, are liable to get their wool off (though strangely enough the growth of horns may be stimulated).

In times of hardship they sometimes, like the stoat, turn white for a season, but this protective coloration quickly disappears as conditions improve.

ELAINE MORGAN

Kingdom. Definitely Animal. *Sub-kingdom*. Metazoa (= in many cells), NOT Porifera—similarity to sponges superficial. *Phylum*. Chordata (= tendency to corduroy). *Sub-phylum*. Vertebrata, despite contrary appearance. *Class*. Degraded Middle-. *Family*. White Sheep. *Order*. Dis-. *Appearance*. Trousered, occasionally unfrocked, frequently facially hirsute.

Habits. Generally unpredictable, bad, justifying worst fears. *Sexually* promiscuous, perverted, voracious, or otherwise progressive.

Development. Birth, honourable or noble, in The Old Country; early years uneventful; change from white to black soon after puberty; thenceforth varied according to type and habitat:—

Types observed before 1920.	*Development.*
1. FELONIOUS.	Retirement in the country.
2. MIGRANT.	Settlement in the Antipodes.
3. SKELETAL.	Immurement in the Family Cupboard.
Types observed after 1920.	*Development.*
1. TWENTIES ARTISTIC.	To Seed in Bohemia.
2. THIRTIES POLITICAL.	To Marx in Poetry.
3. FORTIES CAUTIOUS.	To Safety in America.
4. FIFTIES PACIFIC.	To Moscow in Daily Mail.

N.B.—Believed extinct in many parts of Asia, except where preserved in captivity.

ERIC SWAINSON

The black sheep, which used to be regarded as a freak, has in recent years been the subject of much sympathetic research. In the last century, because of the animal's parasitic habits and its upsetting effect on the flock, it was exported in vast quantities to Australia and the other dominions. Curious ideas about it developed: *e.g.*, the phrase "skeleton in the cupboard," often applied to it, gave rise to the notion that it is an emaciated animal, whereas it is usually the most robust member of a flock. Now that flocks are smaller and compose looser units, the black sheep is regarded as less troublesome than it was, and to many flocks the development of the "black market," as an attempt to solve the problem it represents, has converted the existence of their black sheep into a distinct utility.

EDWARD BLISHEN

THE WOLF

(*Lupus familiaris*). A genus distinguished by its sleek, glossy hair, abnormally keen hunting instincts, and habit of pawing. Unlike many of its canine cousins, this creature lacks faithfulness, but in compensation shows great natural aptitude as a follower. It is traditionally kept in check by means of a horse-whip, but now all the best authorities prescribe bridling as the correct response to its attacks. The principal sport in which it is employed is trifling. In the wild state, this animal is a beast of prey, and the weak should beware of it; but when it is tamed its instinctive fondness for petting causes it to need very little encouragement. It should not, however, be allowed to become too nearly one of the family. As in the case of the domestic dog, the young are called "puppies."

J. B. B. ARIS

2 *new* BELL CHESS BOOKS

Modern Chess Strategy

By EDWARD LASKER

Replaces Lasker's *Chess Strategy* of which 10 impressions were sold. It covers the methods and interprets the games of the great moderns just as the earlier book did for the classical game. *17s. 6d. net*

Chess from Morphy to Botwinnik

By IMRE KÖNIG

A fine study of a century of chess evolution by an international player noted for his great knowledge of chess theory. The central theme is the methods of the masters in the fight for the centre. *18s. 6d. net*

G. BELL AND SONS, LTD., LONDON

Company Meeting

AUTOMATIC TELEPHONE & ELECTRIC

HIGH LEVEL OF OUTPUT

THE Annual General Meeting of the Automatic Telephone and Electric Company, Limited, will be held in Liverpool on June 13.

The following is an extract from the circulated Statement by the Chairman, Sir Alexander Roger, K.C.I.E.:—

The Group Consolidated Profit amounts to £1,526,689, and after charging taxation of £812,421 there is left £714,268 for the many purposes to which this could most profitably be applied. For the past 12 years the dividend on the Ordinary and Deferred Stocks has remained unchanged at 12½ per cent. (10 per cent. plus 2½ per cent. bonus). The Directors now recommend a Final Dividend of 12 per cent. on the Ordinary Stock, making a total of 15 per cent. for the year, and 15 per cent. on the Deferred Stocks.

Although a high level of output has been maintained, it was not sufficient to absorb the full productive capacity of our factories.

CHESS: Doing Without

No. 86

The other day, on the Continent, I was told about a man who, ordering a cup of coffee, added the strict injunction: "Without cream please!" "We have no cream," said the waiter, "but you could have your coffee without milk."

I was reminded of that story when glancing at this position reached by Reti (White) against Bogoljubov at New York, 1924. By means of B-B7 ch, followed by B-K8, White put his opponent into the sort of position which most of us know from bitter experience. At first glance one feels that surely there must be something one could do about it, but closer inspection reveals it to be absolutely without resource. A similar feeling of hopelessness must have been caused by this position reached by Roehrich (White) at Giessen, 1941. Obviously, what happened was (1) Q x QR, R x Q, (2) R-K8 ch, Q-B1, (3) B-B7!, and Black is completely helpless against the threat of R x Q ch, followed by B-K8.

A: Troitzky, 1924

Here the loser's state of frustration may well have been akin to an acute case of claustrophobia.

Speaking of frustration it seems fitting to start this week's competition with an exceptionally beautiful study by the great Troitzky. I have yet to see a chessman more sadly frustrated than this particular Rook. After so broad a hint 6 ladder-points may well be fair rating. White is to move and win.

B: Henri Rinck, 1922

C: R. Reti, 1922

In **B** we have the case of two frustrated Rooks. So here too White is to win. I wonder if competitors will find this particularly difficult or if they consider 6 points ample.

In **C**—White to win— we have a frustrated Bishop. But since this rather obvious hint may not be very helpful for the solution of this ingenious little end-game study, I had better rate it 7 points.

Usual prizes. Entries by June 4.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set May 5

A: 1st *key* Q-Kt1. 2nd *key* R-Kt4.

B: a: (1) Kt-B5, BxKt, (2) Q-K6, etc. [If (2) . . . PxB, (3) Q-B5.] b: (1) Q-Kt5, PxQ, (2) Kt-Kt5, etc.

C: a: (1) Q-R8, R-Kt5, (2) B-B6. [If (1) . . . R-R5, (2) B-Kt7.] b: (1) B-Q4, PxB, (2) Q-Q6, etc.

I am glad to say that the combined ingenuity of our competitors did discover further cooks, such as (1) Q-K6 in *B* and (1) Q-B6 in *C*. They earn full marks, of course. With dozens of correct solutions to pick from, the week's chessbook-tokens go to some who have rarely if ever appeared in a prize-list: **W.** Auer (The Hague), J. A. Ferguson, Douglas Hale, M. H. Lessof, S. A. Miller, T. Simmonds.

ASSIAC

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

TREWORNAN Manor Hotel, Nr. Wadebridge, N. Cornwall. 16th Cent. Manor, in 18 acres of lawns and woodlands, adjoining bird sanctuary. Own fishing, shooting. Easy reach golfing & beaches at Rock and Daymer Bay. Own farm prod. Terms from £4/4gns. Open all year round. Brochure on request.

"ASHLEY Courtenay Recommended" is your guarantee of a good hotel irrespective of size. A descriptive account of some 550 of his personally inspected hotels will be found in "Let's Halt Awhile in Britain", 364 pages, beautifully illustrated. 8s. 6d. from your bookseller, or 9s. (post free) from Ashley Courtenay, Ltd. (Dept. N.S.), 68 St. James's St., London, S.W.1.

HASTINGS 4571. Reputed for congenial guests, with broad outlook, excel. meals, lovely gardens; ideal position. Summer: £4-6gns. Recom. Labour Party. "Continental," 10 Albany Rd., St. Leonards-on-Sea.

CORNWALL. Port Isaac. Really one of Cornwall's Gems. Stay at The Lawns Hotel where food and comfort matter. Unrivalled position overlooking bay. Running water in all bedrooms. Terms £4-£6/gns. weekly. Write for brochure or Phone 291.

FOLKESTONE, Downs View Priv. Hotel, nr. Leas. English/Continental cooking. £6-£6/gns. 40 Bouverie Rd., W. Tel: 3446.

HOLIDAYS that are Different—" Far from the madding crowd " at Felpham, a charming village on the Sussex Coast. Lovely Guest House, in half acre beautiful gardens, catering for Members Professions, Business Executives and Administrative Sections. From 7gns. Brochure. " Kenwood," Midway, Felpham 7, Sussex. Bognor Regis 2163.

BURCOT-on-Thames, Oxon. Croft House Hotel. A country house on river near Oxford. Club licence. Boating, tennis, archery, billiards. Station, Culham (W.R.). Tel.: Clifton Hampden 32.

LLEDR Valley, Snowdonia. Picturesque house beautifully situated above colourful valley, but close Pont-y-Pant rly. Mountains. Easy access coast. Mod. comf. Continental type cooking. From 6gns. Bwich Bach Guest Hse., Dolwyddelan, Caerns. Dolw. 220.

ISLE of Wight Guest House with own sea shore, safe sea bathing, 23 acres (5 reserved for nudism), H. & C., electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh water pool; reduced terms for children. Brochure (stamp), N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I.W.

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Relax in lovely country within reach Eastbourne. Comfort and good food. Spacious grounds. Ye Ware Hotel, Horam, Sussex.

YOU must visit Cliftonville's charming Palm Bay Hotel! A few vacancies left during June to September. Facing sea, radio diffusion in every room, television, cocktail bar, and all modern comforts. Write for brochure or telephone Margate 385.

THOSE needing physical or mental recuperation will find peace, comfort and beauty in a Cornish Country House, facing South overlooking sea, secluded lawns and gardens. Excellent library. Home farm produce, exquisitely prepared by Belgian cook. Trains can be met at Plymouth. Box 2455.

THE 4-Power Conference should be held in Chagford, because the Cream of Devonshire will be there. For the first time, agreement on the best holiday will be UNanimous. Write for Brochures from the Secretary, Chagford & District Hotels Association.

SPEND a holiday in West Ireland wandering along shores and mountains and stay at Slieveroe Hotel, Dugort, Achill.

IRELAND. Strand Hotel, Inch, Kerry. (A.A.) Spend restful holiday in Dingle Peninsula, overlooking Dingle Bay. Magnificent sandy beach, safe bathing, excellent catering, personal supervision. Moderate terms.

WEST Sussex. Woodfold Hotel, Fernhurst, nr. Haslemere, Surrey, offers Spring holidays at reduced rates. A.A. approved. Fernhurst 276.

PORTHLEVEN, S. Cornwall. Tye Rock Hotel. A.A. recommended. Just above sea, in 3 acres grounds. Modern comfort; exc. " home " cooking. Vacancies to Mid-July. Tel.: 316.

PARIS, Montmartre; simple, comfortable accommodation, between St. Lazare & Nord Stations. English, German, Polish spoken. H. & c. all rooms. Bathroom. 425frs. single, 475-525 double, inclusive. Select Hotel, 30 Rue Milton, Paris 9e.

CORNWALL. Treharrock Manor; Farm produce. Cream. Surf-bathing Polzeath. Golf Rock. Cornwall's loveliest beaches. Port Isaac 207.

HOLIDAYS Woolacombe, glorious Devon. "Sea-View" Guest House, adjoining 3 miles golden sands. Comfortable house. Moderate terms. Mrs. Garness.

GLORIOUS Cotswolds, Langston Arms Hotel, Kingham, Oxon. Comfortable, good food. Excellent centre.

GUESTS welcomed in country cottage on N. West Cornish coast. 4½gns. Nora Frame, Mariners Cottage, Botallack, St. Just.

HOLIDAYS in Country House with extensive grounds, 8 miles from sea, interesting excursions, farm produce, English and Continental cooking, special diets if wanted, from 4gns. Cossington House Guest House, Nr. Bridgwater, Somerset.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—*continued*

LOIRE Valley . . . there's peace at Hotel le Choiseul Amboise, on the shady restful banks of the lovely Loire. Historic setting. Luxurious comfort. Exquisite cuisine. Tariff free.

OLD Pump Cottage, Shaftesbury. Thatched, simple, centre tours, lovely walks, good cooking. 5-6gns. Hostess Miss English.

FRENCH Riviera. Hotel les Palmiers, Sainte Maxime. Laze on sunny terraces. Sea-front gdns. Superb Cuisine. Style Provençal. 2,100 frs. d/e. inc. Write brochure.

FOR the country-lover—Herts-Essex border, 27 mls. London. Good food, sunny rms., 3-4gns. house, large gdn., delightful surroundings. "Chantry Mead," Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford. Hatfield Heath 263.

BATTLE, Sussex. Pembury Guest House for a delightful holiday this Summer. On good bus route to Hastings (5 miles). The Guest House stands in lovely Countryside with 2 acres garden. Own poultry, vegetables & fruit (come in July for our raspberries & strawberries). A Guest recently wrote "thoroughly recommended for an enjoyable Country holiday, yet near the sea." All bedrooms H. & C. Write for Brochure or Tel. Battle 146.

FRANCE. English pension, homely, in beautiful country near ports. Few paying guests welcomed. Temporary or permanent. £6 weekly. Mrs. Curran, Chateau d'Austruy, Rety, (P. de C.), France.

BOURNEMOUTH. — Connaught Court Hotel. Tel. 1944. 33 rooms. 1 acre grounds. Every comfort. Superlative food. 6gns. wkly. 7-8gns. June onwards.

THE Old Hope Anchor Hotel, Rye. Good food, soft beds, a warm hotel; radiators, h. w. in every bedroom. Apply Proprietor.

BOURNEMOUTH. Whitehall Hotel, A.A., R.A.C. Overlooking Central Gardens, Bridge Hostess. 57 bedrooms, H. & C. Telephones. Lift. Very central. Reduced winter terms. Summer terms 8 to 11gns. Phone: B'mouth 7155/6/7.

NATURIST Sun-bathing holidays. In sunny Devon at Britain's best Sun Club. Full facils., and mod. cons., nudist sun and air bathing. Write (enc. 1s.) for brochure: Sec. (C), N. Devon Club, Beworthy, Devon. Sunbathers' magazine listing 35 British Sun Clubs, 1s. 3d. post free.

HILL lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully and remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains near Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts—very good food and fires. Friendly and informal. 5/5½gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw. Tel. Llanrwst 166.

FISHING, sailing, tennis, at delightful Country House. Liberal catering. Tel. White Cross Hotel, Watersfield 3155.

FOLKESTONE. 2 minutes from Leas. Comfortable house in beautiful surroundings. Spend your holidays on the Kent coast. Open all the year round. Terms moderate. Write 10 Augusta Gdns. Phone 2952.

L.W., Ventnor, Pelham Hotel, Esplanade. Large balcony bedrooms facing sea. Apply brochure. Phone Ventnor 252. Terms, 5gns. Recommended.

ROME. "Pensione Casa Nostra." Via Spallanzani 44. Quiet situation. English-speaking management. Moderate terms.

CAREFREE holiday in lovely surroundings. £2. 6d. a night bed and breakfast. Board £4 10s. a week. Hunt, Rocklands, East Hill, Hastings.

DEVON. "Highfield," Berryhead Rd., Brixham. Ideal position sea front. Terms, 4-6gns. inc. (Full Aug.) Tel. 2167.

CORNWALL (Roseland). Small quiet residence, magnificent Creek scenery, steamer to Falmouth. Fishing. Excel. cooking. 5gns. wkly. Bide-a-While, Percuil, Portscatho.

FESTIVAL visitors welcome attractive Westminster flatlet house, close Theatres, West-End. Twin divan room, H. & C. basin, with breakfasts and baths, 7gns. a week. Early booking desirable. Box 3272.

ST. CORNWALL: Guest House on sea edge; safe bathing. Quiet; own produce. 5-6 gns. incl Mrs. Job, Tirva, Veryan, Roseland.

APPLEBY, Westmorland. Garbridge Hotel. Lakes, fishing, golf. Comfort and good food. A.A., R.A.C. Write brochure. Tel. 71.

SWANAGE. Really first-class bed & breakfast. Haines, 113 High St., Swanage.

EDINBURGH. Bed, bfast., attractive rms. H. & C. 16 Rothesay Pl. CEN. 4871.

N. CORNWALL coast, Cottage Guest Hse. Sands, shrimping, surfing, buses, 5 mins. H. & C. No extras. Mod. chges. Clifton Cottage, Treknow, Tintagel. Tel. 72.

SW. Cornish fishing village. Rest, relax, refresh in Torre Vean Private Hotel, Porthleven. Lt.-Cdr. H. C. Selby, R.N. (Rtd.).

FARRINGFORD is at its loveliest in June. Sunny, sheltered gardens ablaze with flowers surround this delightful country house hotel and cottages tucked beneath the downs near Freshwater in the Isle of Wight. Perfect service. Licensed. A.A. and R.A.C. apptd. Details from Manager, Farringford Hotel, Freshwater, I.O.W. Phone 312.

LONDON. "West Court," Earls Court, S.W.5. Quiet, comfortable, min. Tube (9 min. run Piccadilly, etc.). FRObisher 6492.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—*continued*

LAKES. Charming old mansion. Beaut. view. 40 acres gnds. Mod. furn. Mod. terms. Croft Hotel, Ambleside. Tel. 334.

"BIDE-a-While Book." Unique guide to good hotels, inns, guest houses, in Britain's loveliest holiday counties. Post free 2s. 6d. S. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet St., Torquay.

CORNWALL: Easy reach North or South Coasts, good food, every convnce., garage, "Kilworth," Beacon Rd. Bodmin. Tel. 415.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Nr. East Grinstead, Kathleen Batten's friendly hotel on the edge of Ashdown Forest. Lovely walks and good food at the end of them. Club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

TATE Gallery Restaurant. C. A. S. members wishing to dine in the Rex Whistler Room at the Gallery on June 8 should reserve a table. (VICtoria 6754.)

COOKING with imagination, at The Lamb & Lobster, 38 Lamb's Conduit St., Holborn. CHA. 7764. Morn. coffee, lunches, teas.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

DORSET Chambers, 52/53 Leinster Sq., W.2. Phone BAY. 1665. Beaut. serv. rooms, bed breakf., dinner opt. Moderate.

ST. John's Wood: Two comfortable completely modernised houses to let furnished. Tel. MAIda Vale 7194.

VERY comf. divan sitting-room. Cent. htg. Const. hot water. PRI. 3830.

HIGHGATE Village. Furn. attic; view: light breakfast, 3gns. Suit student or prof. man. Box 3271.

DIVAN bed-sitting-room overlooking gardens in modern house near Kensington High St. Built-in wardrobe, built-in elec. fire, breakfast griller, linen, modn. bathrm., hot water. £2 15s. WEStern 9233.

W.11: 2 mins. tube; furn. rm. H. & C., gas, bed linen. Cleaning. 45s. Refs. Box 3225.

UNUSUAL, pleasant furnished single bed-sitting room. Central heating, telephone, hot water; use kitchen, bath; two minutes W. Hampstead Tube. Tel: Maida Vale 9527.

FESTIVAL of Britain. Pvte. house with central heating, tel., continental cooking. Bed & Breakfast, 12s. 6d., single, 20s. double. Other terms by arrangement. Ibbutt, 25 Hillcroft Crescent, W.5.

FULLY furnished s.c. mod. flat in Bloomsbury to let July, Aug., Sept. Accommodate 4 at a pinch. Use of household equipment, linen, etc. £6 6s. p.w. Box 3173.

NEAR West End, double service room with private bathroom, constant h.w., garden, 4½gns. for two. Meals optional. Tel.: Park 4651 or write Box 2747.

FURNISHED double bedroom offered in pleasant Georgian House, mod. cons., Bloxes, Nr. Blackwater. Usual amenities, garage. 48 miles London. In return similar accomn. London during week. Box 2992.

BOARD-res. offd. bus. gent. Woodford Grn. Nr. Sta. Cen. London Line. Box 3177.

HONOR Oak—Festival visitors (or others) offered good accommodation family residence within half hour Festival site. Moderate charges. Box 3057.

WORKING studio to let, Sussex country town, also furn. living quarters with partial board. Highest refs. requd. Box 3058.

COPFORD Place, Colchester (Marks Tey 97). Residential Guest House mainly for retired people. Large unfurnished room available. Central heating. Own produce. Meals and service at inclusive terms.

CONNEMARA. Small furnished lodge to let, short period, or lease. 6 bedrooms, bath, 'phone. Daily staff available. Preserved sea-trout fishing, grouse shooting. Write Box 3286.

ARCHITECTURAL student and wife req. unfurn. accom., London area. Box 3256.

WHO could offer one or two unfurnished rooms to middle-aged woman teacher. Willing to buy fittings, couch normal or backward child. Box 3201.

YOUNG woman grad. seeks unfurn. accom., mod. rent. Bloomsbury, Regent's Pk., Soho. Massey, 5 Woodside Pk. Ave., E.17.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

EXP. S/typist reqs. work at home. Own m/c. Reas. terms. Box 3075.

ALL kinds of typewriting work. Accurate. Moderate charges. Henry Crowhurst, 3 Laurel Bank, Storrington, Sussex.

ABBEY Secretarial Bureau, 157 Abbey House, Victoria St., S.W.1. (ABB. 3772.) First-class typing. Rapid duplicating (in colours), circularising, theses, testimonials, etc.

TYPEWRITING and Duplicating. Plays, Novels, Theses, Testimonials, Reports, expertly typed and attractively presented. Bereton, 91 Priory Rd., N.W.6. MAI. 5391.

COMPETENT Typewriting Service. Lit. MSS., Commercial documents, etc. Impeccable work. Moderate fees. MAI. 2659.

TYPING: MSS. general. Miss Ross, 14 Beechcroft Court, N.W.11. MEA. 1333.

AUTHORS and others, perfect typewriting service personally conducted. Nye, 71 Stockwell Park Rd., London, S.W.9.

TYPING, etc.—*continued*

THE Hampstead Secretarial Bureau. Efficient work by intelligent typists. Careful checking, speedy service. 24 hours for duplicating. Translns. Mod. chgs. 1 Northcote Hse., 122 Heath St., N.W.3. HAM. 3527.

YOUR Secretarial problems solved at once by Dowlen Office Service, 15 Tavistock St., Strand, W.C.2. TEM. 7237. Typing, duplicating, translations, staff.

DUPLICATING—12 hr. Service. All typing efficiently completed. Mod. fees. Court Secretarial Service, 37a Kensington High Street, W.8. WES. 0781-2.

THE Arlington Secretarial Service. WHI. 5096. Typing/duplicating, all classes of work accepted. Efficient work and clean duplicating guaranteed.

FIRST-Class duplicating/typewriting. Mabel Byles, 395 Hornsey Rd., London, N.19. ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701.

LITERARY typing, 7-day service all MSS., 4-day emergency service for urgent work. Articles/short stories, etc., by return. Dictating machine service. Duplicating (24-hour service), indexing, editing, proof reading, cataloguing, etc. Translns. (all languages). Qualified Secretaries at short notice. Secretarial Aunts, 324/5 High Holborn, W.C.1. HOL. 5831. Also Pantiles Chambers, 87 High St., Tunbridge Wells. Tel. 1255.

MILDRED Furst—Typewriting of every description undertaken under personal supervision; prompt and intelligent typists. Express service if desired. Duplicating 24 hours. Special checking service for theses. Translations, 267 Goldhurst Terrace, London, N.W.6. Mal. 7479.

RANK Secretarial Service: MSS. accurately typed. Novels, theses 7 days. Careful chking. Dplctg. Transls. all langs. Mod. terms. 4 Queensborough Terrace, W.2. BAY. 8600.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations. 24-hour duplicating service, 31 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WESten 5809.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker Street, W.1. Enquiries, Secretary, CUN. 8837.

DON'T Stop Smoking. Try the famous Cressbrae Smoking Mixture, the superior Coltsfoot blend; 2s. 6d. per 4 ozs. post free. Shrimpton & Cooke, Bromsgrove, Worcs.

"ASTLEYS of Jermyn Street" (109) S.W.1. Pipe specialists. Pipe repairs (any make). Meerschaum pipes old or new purchased.

LETTICE Ramsey, Photographer (of Ramsey & Muspratt). London Studio, 3 Warwick Gdns., Kensington High St. WES. 1398 (ring mornings if possible).

HEAL'S remake and re-cover divans, box springs and mattresses, also convert mattresses into spring interior types. Write for folder Remaking Bedding. Heal & Son, Ltd., 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

PARACHUTES. Pure White Heavy English Silk or Primrose Nylon; each panel 36in. × 132in., 3in. at top; 2 panels 17s. 6d.; 4 panels 32s. 6d.; 8 panels 60s. New Irish Linen Lengths, Natural Shade, 6yds. × 32in., each 27s. New Off White Heavy Linen Lengths. Ideal for Furnishings, Loose Covers, etc. 78in. × 27in. approx. 2 lengths for 22s. 6d. New Grey Linen Based Mattress Cases, size 6ft. 3in. approx. (Box 4) to 8in.), each, 22s. 6d. Carr. Free. Satisfaction or money back. H. Conway, Ltd. (Dept. 183), 139/143 Stoke Newington High St., N.16.

REMNANTS Sale. Household Bargain Parcels, all new full width materials, up to three-yard lengths, save money on these genuine parcels: Floral Cotton Prints for Summer Dresses, Curtains, assorted parcel 30/-; Woven Gingham, check and tartan type patterns, all colours, 30/- parcel; real Irish Linen, fashionable shades, for Dresses, Curtains, Covers, assorted parcel 30/-; send 6d. for catalogue of Bargain Remnant Parcels. Celic, Ltd., Dept. 23, Mail Order Stores, Bedford.

EXCLUSIVE poplin shirts, collar attached, (boned) in fine woven stripes of blue, brown, grey or cavell, 14½ to 15in. neck, 12s. 6d.; 15½ to 16½in., 14s. 11d.; 17in., 15s. 6d. With 2 detachable collars and double cuffs, 13½ to 14in. neck, 15s. 7d.; 14½ to 15in., 16s. 5d.; 15½ to 16in., 17s. 6d. Post 1s., C.O.D. 1s. Craig's of London (Dept. 140), 33/37 Wardour St., W.1.

PARACHUTES. (1) Nylon. Peach, Pink or Light Blue; each panel 36in. × 150in. 2 panels, 20s.; 4 panels, 37s. 6d.; 8 panels, 72s. 6d. (2) White Nylon; each panel 36in. × 132in. 2 panels, 27s. 6d.; 4 panels, 52s. 6d.; 8 panels, 100s. Carr. Free. Satisfaction or money back. H. Conway, Ltd. (Dept. 122), 139/143 Stoke Newington High St., N.16.

NEW White Cotton Pillow Lengths. Superb quality. 3yds. × 38in. each 25s. 6d. Pure White Silk Parachutes, 16 panels, each 36in. × 44in., 4 panels 15s., 8 panels 27s. 6d. Whole Pat. 32s. 6d. Post free. Money back guarantee. Premier Drapery Co. (Dept. 46), 113 Church St., London, N.16.

NEW White Cotton Lengths. Ideal for Sheets, Pillow Cases, etc., 6yds. × 36in. each 31s. 6d. New Beige Linen Lengths 3yds. × 38in. each 25s. Parachutes. Cream Cambric, 10 panels: each 40in. × 60in. Whole Pat. 18s. 6d. Carr. Free. Satisfaction or money back. H. Conway, Ltd. (Dept. 63), 139/143 Stoke Newington High St., N.16.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

UNIVERSITY of Sydney, Australia. Applications are invited for the position of Senior Lecturer in Modern History. The salary will be within the range £1,050–£1,300 (Australian) per annum, plus cost of living adjustment (at present £70 males, £55 females), with annual increments of £50. The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to qualifications and experience. The successful applicant will be required to commence duties as early as practicable. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is June 9, 1951.

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Applications are invited for the following posts: (1) A Lecturer either in Applied Mathematics or in Applied Mathematics with special qualifications in Fluid Mechanics. Salary on the scale of £700 rising annually by £50 to £1,100 per annum with an efficiency bar at £850. (2) Probationary Assistant Lecturers in English and in History. Initial salary in each case £450 per annum rising to £500 after one year, plus superannuation. Further particulars about the posts may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, by whom applications must be received on or before June 16. 1951.

HIS Majesty's Colonial Service. Gold Coast. A vacancy exists in the Gold Coast for a Special Commissioner whose principal function will be to preside over certain statutory Boards and Corporations such as the Industrial Development Corporation, the Cocoa Marketing Board, the Agricultural Produce Marketing Board and, probably, the Agricultural Development Corporation and the Agricultural Loans Board. He will be responsible to the Gold Coast Government and may be required to undertake special duties in the economic sphere, e.g., in connection with hydro-electric schemes. A high degree of administrative ability and experience combined with a wide range of economic knowledge is required. Appointment will be on probation for permanent and pensionable employment. Basic salary £1,800 per annum. Expatriation pay £500 and cost of living allowance at 15% of Basic salary. Intending applicants should submit brief particulars of age, qualifications and experience to the Director of Recruitment, Sanctuary Buildings, Great Smith Street, S.W.1, quoting 27459/51.

WHITELANDS College, Putney, London, S.W.15. The Council invites applications for the post of Principal (woman) of the above College, which will be vacant on January 1, 1952. Salary £1,150 rising to £1,350 with board and residence. Candidates must be communicant members of the Church of England, hold an Honours Degree of a British University, and should have had teaching experience. Applications to be addressed to the Chairman and forwarded by June 8, 1951. Further partics. and forms of applic. may be obtained from the Secretary at the College.

ARMY Children's Schools. Secondment or appointment of Teachers to Army Children's Schools Overseas. Qualified Men and Women Teachers are required to teach on the staffs of Army Children's Schools overseas. Vacancies are outside Europe, Near and Far East, West Africa, Egypt (Canal Zone) and some Mediterranean Stations. Normal tour of duty will be three years, except in West Africa, where service is for two periods of 18 months. Teachers will be civilians with officer status and will receive appropriate rate of salary on the current Burnham Scale, plus London Allowance, Outfit Allowance and Free Passage. Married male teachers can be joined by their families, who travel free of charge. Details and application forms may be obtained from the Under Secretary of State, The War Office (A.E.1), Stanmore, Middlesex.

REQUIRED by Chief Chemist of large chemical manufacturer in Lancashire, Technical Secretary to supervise the administration of laboratories. Applicants should preferably have a Science Degree, although previous experience in a similar capacity might be acceptable. Good shorthand and typing speeds and previous experience of office administration essential. Salary around £500 per annum according to age, etc. Age probably over 30, but a younger person with the requisite experience would be considered. Box 3154.

NATIONAL Marriage Guidance Council requires (1) Man or woman, 25-45, as Administrator for responsible duties, including production of publications; £500-£600 p.a. according to qualifications and experience. Application form on request. (2) Man as Bookkeeper-Assistant for clerical work, accounts and packing; £6 per week. Handwritten applications to Office Secretary, N.M.G.C., 78 Duke Street, London, W.1.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE County Council. Children's Department. Applications for House Mother to a family group of six children are invited from women with Home Office Child Care Certificate, or Social Science Certificate or understanding of psychological problems of children. Salary £5 7s weekly, less £1 3s for board residence. At this Modern Home 30 boys and girls of mixed ages are prepared for boarding out. Apply immediately for application form and further particulars to the Children's Officer, Shire Hall, Nottingham. K. Tweedale Meaby, Clerk of the County Council.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ST. Bernard's Hospital for Nervous and Mental Disorders, Southall, Middlesex. Therapist required, salary according to experience up to a maximum of £550 p.a. The post will be subject to the provisions of the National Health Service Superannuation Regulations. Candidates should possess the patience and understanding necessary to enable patients to express themselves in some art form. Applications giving full details of exp. or training, with copies of 3 testimonials to be sent to the Physician Superintendent.

LONDON County Council. Youth Employment Service. Applications are invited from men and women for appointment as assistant youth employment officers (basic salary £240×£20—£300×£25—£550 plus an addition of 10 per cent). In exceptional circumstances, a commencing salary above the minimum may be authorised. Candidates should have had experience of youth employment or similar work or of local government generally. The appointments will be within the general major establishment (administrative) service of the Council and a successful candidate will be eligible for consideration for such promotion as is available for major establishment staff. Application forms (stamped addressed foolscap envelope necessary) may be obtained from the Education Officer (A/Estab. 2), The County Hall, London, S.E.1, and must be returned not later than June 7, 1951. Canvassing disqualifies. (593)

DEVON County Council. Children's Department. Applications are invited for the post of Area Children's Officer for South Devon. Salary in accordance with Grade A.P.T. III (£450×£15—£495). Candidates must be qualified social workers with experience in Children's Department. The successful candidate will be expected to own and drive a car. Mileage and subsistence allowances are paid in accordance with the Council's scale. Application forms and further particulars are obtainable from the Children's Officer, Bradninch Hall, Castle Street, Exeter, and should be returned within two weeks of this advertisement. H. A. Davis, Clerk to the Council, The Castle, Exeter.

COUNTY Council of Essex, Children's Department, Visiting Officer.—Applications are invited for appointment as Visiting Officer (female) in the Children's Department. The duties of the person appointed will include the visiting of Children's Homes, boarding out, and visits to the homes of children who have been, or may need to be, received into the care of the County Council. Candidates should have a university certificate in Child Care, or a diploma or certificate in Social Science with special experience in child welfare. The salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the person appointed but will not exceed a maximum of £495 a year. The Scheme of Conditions of Service of the National Joint Council for Local Authorities' Administrative, Professional, Technical and Clerical Services as from time to time amended, and as adopted by the County Council, is at present applicable to persons appointed on the established staff. The appointment will be subject to the provisions of the Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937, and the person appointed will be required to pass a medical examination to the satisfaction of the Council. Applications giving full particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience, and the names and addresses of two persons to whom reference can be made, should reach the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford, not later than June 12, 1951. Canvassing directly or indirectly is forbidden.—John E. Lightburn, Clerk of the County Council.

SCHOOL of Oriental and African Studies, Library, University of London, W.C.1. Applications are invited for two posts as Second Division Assistants (£200–£15–£350), for general library duties. Applicants must have had some library experience, preferably in a learned library. Academic and/or professional attainments will be additional advantages. Commencing salary according to qualifications. Applications should reach the Librarian at the above address not later than Monday, June 4, 1951, and should include particulars of two referees of whom enquiries may be made.

COUNTY of Leicester. Children's Committee. Reception Home. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Matron for a Reception Home situated at 84 Westcotes Drive, Leicester. Applicants should be thoroughly domesticated and have a real interest in children's problems, as this Home will take all children coming into the care of the Committee. Salary £279 4s 4d per annum, from which 23s per week will be deducted for residential emoluments. Application should be made on forms to be obtained from the Children's Officer, St. Christopher's House, 12 Talbot Lane, Leicester, and should be returned as soon as possible. John A. Chatterton, Clerk of the Council.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Assistant House Mothers required for work in small Homes for boys and girls of mixed ages. Candidates should have training or experience of work with children, and should be able to join in their activities and interests. Practical ability in household duties is also required. It is not at present possible to consider for these posts candidates who wish to have their own children with them. Minimum salary £262 12s per annum, less valuation for full residential emoluments. Enquiries to The Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

HOSTEL Warden and Assistant (man and wife) required by the London County Council for a new hostel for up to thirty-five working tuberculous men in north London. Residential accommodation is available on the premises. The Warden would be responsible for the general supervision of the hostel and its staff and for accounting matters. The Assistant Warden would be responsible for preparing meals, the supervision of domestic staff and act as a deputy to the Warden. Annual salary: Warden £450, Assistant Warden £350, in each case plus a ten per cent addition. Charges will be made for accommodation and any other services provided. The engagement will be on a temporary basis. Further particulars are set out on the form of application obtainable from the Medical Officer of Health (PH.D.1), the County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, which should be returned not later than June 9, 1951. (644)

LEADER to be responsible for Club Organisation and Community contacts required for Oxford Y.W.C.A. Relevant experience desirable. Opportunity will be given for successful candidate to take organising teaching, advisory (psychology), etc. Own typewriter Free September. London only. Accustomed comfortable salary. Box 3229.

CAMBRIDGE Graduate, double-first honours, psychology, ex-army, capable wants summer vacation job, preferably Cambridge or London; or (with competent wife) experience children, Continental travel, etc.) job anywhere for August school holidays period. Highest references. Write Box 3265.

YOUNG Arts Graduate (female) temperamentally unsuited to teaching, seeks interesting employment. Box 3023.

WANTED, Club Leader (Woman) for Junior Girls' Club and Mixed Youth Club. Apply in writing with testimonials to the Warden, Bishop Creighton House, 378 Lillie Rd., S.W.6.

WOMAN Club Leader required in September for Girls' Club in large Jewish Settlement. Applicants should be experienced and suitably trained. Post preferably residential. Box 3379.

REQUIRED for Children's Home (country district in Surrey), a cultured woman, aged 30-45 (Church of England), to make a happy home for a dozen children aged 5-14. Two friends would be considered, or a couple if the man had outside work or interests. Exp. necessary, training desirable, vocation essential. Sal. by arrangement. Box 3416.

NURSERY School teacher or person with similar qualifications and love of children wanted for non-resident (Jewish) Nursery. British O.S.E. Soc., 109-111 Stamford Hill, London, N.16.

NEW Sherwood School, having formed itself into a parents' non-profit making limited company, is expanding and needs resident master for English, with History or Geography, or French to G.C.E. standard. Music, Drama, Art, welcomed. Apply John Wood, M.A., Sandown Lodge, Worple Road, Epsom.

LONDON Labour Party invite application for the post of secretarial assistant. Applicants must be members of the Labour Party with knowledge of its constitution. Experience essential in the keeping of accounts, office organisation, correspondence, and the drafting of minutes and reports. Salary according to Trade Union practice. Apply by letter only, enclosing recent testimonials or references to the Secretary, London Labour Party, 258/262 Westminster Bdge. Rd., S.E.1.

BRIGHT, intelligent girl read. at The Linguists' Club (Chester Close, Chester St., S.W.1), pref. with some knowledge of French and/or German, to act as receptionist and junior secretary. No shorthand/typing, but ability to design notices and posters an advantage and energy and enthusiasm essential. Good salary for right person.

SECRETARY shorthand-typist, intelligent, to be in charge. Age 25-35. Closed Jewish Holy days. State exp. and salary required. Convex, 41 Brecknock Road, (off Camden Road), N.7.

EXCELLENT pay offered to experienced and efficient Secretaries, Shorthand-Typists or Typists on our Emergency Service. Hours, 10-5, no Sats. Also odd days etc. Call, phone or write, Miss Topham, Dutton's Secretarial Service, 92 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. MUS 7379.

INTELLIGENT fully experienced secretary-shorthand typist to U.K. delegate of foreign business firm; varied, interesting work and some responsibility. Good salary for right person. Apply in own writing with copies references. Box 3585.

TWO theatre artists require experienced working housekeeper for London maisonette. Must be willing to prepare hot after-theatre suppers. 'Phone Park 8141.

HOUSEKEEPER for Art Therapy Centre, educated, expd. willing to share work with 3 other domestic staff (3 resident), general supervision of home-life, catering, garden produce, homely community of 24. Warmhearted woman with a sense of vocation needed. Write: Withymead Centre, Countess Wear, Exeter.

HELP required with two-year old boy and household. Living in. Intelligent, easy-going family atmosphere. Country town near London. Box 3382.

HOLIDAY employment offered young teacher (etc.), companion to 2 boys (6, 8) six weeks July-September. London and Llandudno. Hutton, 13 Lanchester Rd., N.6.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

MALE, 41, seeks employment. Social sense, educated, literary and artistic ability, shorthand typing and book-keeping experience. Box 3255.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

TWO medical students seek vacational work. Box 3053.

UNDERGRAD. seeks employment July, August. Interested history, music, languages. Anything considered. Please write D. Phillips, Christ Church, Oxford.

B.A. (37) skks. change from business. Cult. ints. Anything considrd. Box 3098.

COMP. stenographer reqs. position with travel. Gd. refs. Box 3144.

TEACHER (24), f., desires change of occupation. Suggestions welc. Box 3172.

WOMEN graduates and educated girls will shortly complete their training and become available for employment as secretaries and shorthand-typists. Good knowledge of commercial and professional procedure, secretarial duties, etc. Salaries £5 per week upwards. Interested employers, please write or 'phone Langham Secretarial College, 50 Fitzroy St., London, W.1. EUSton 5811.

RESOURCEFUL, impartial, woman graduate, 42, exp. organising, teaching, advisory (psychology), etc. Own typewriter Free September. London only. Accustomed comfortable salary. Box 3229.

CAMBRIDGE Graduate, double-first honours, psychology, ex-army, capable wants summer vacation job, preferably Cambridge or London; or (with competent wife, experience children, Continental travel, etc.) job anywhere for August school holidays period. Highest references. Write Box 3265.

YOUNG Arts Graduate (female) temperamentally unsuited to teaching, seeks interesting employment. Box 3023.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"THE Linguist," the modern paper for modern languages. Features and articles in English, French, German, Italian, Russian and Esperanto, 1s. monthly from newsagents. Annual subscription 12s. 6d., from 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1.

ENJOY "Rude Health" for 1 year for $1 ($1.50). Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

"THE Nation," America's Leading Liberal Weekly. Subscriptions £2 16s. 3d. yearly, may be sent through the Publisher, N.S. & N., 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Specimen copy on request.

GLOSSARY of Art Terms. "A book invaluable alike to the man in the street and advanced student": The Studio. All booksellers, or 9s. post free Peter Nevill, 50-52 Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7.

AUTO-Erotism. The Study of Masturbation and the neurosis behind it. Only book published on subject. "A most important contribution": Journal Sex Education. All booksellers, or 17s. post free, Peter Nevill, 50 Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7.

WHEN you are in London please come and see our selection of Books, Maps and Guides. You will find same as usual, not far from the Victoria & Albert Museum, and we are near the Brompton Rd. Temple Fortune Bookshop, Ltd., 5 Beauchamp Place, S.W.3.

NEW and secondhand books posted. Books searched for. D. & M. Rose, 1b Fortess Rd., N.W.5. GUL. 5885. Books bought.

COLLECTORS—fine stock of English & German books displayed in rooms. Libris now at 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030. Books bought.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd. W.14. FUL. 7924.

HAMMERSMITH Bookshop. Books bght. Nr. Lyric Theatre, W.6. RIV. 6807.

SALE of Surplus Stocks. For three weeks from Monday, May 21, 1951. 70% reductions first week; 80% second week, and 90% third week. Novels three for 2s. 6d. Alfred Wilson's Bookshop, 155 Victoria St., S.W.1 (100yds. from Victoria Stn.).

AMERICAN magazines: Nat. Geog. Mag., Popular Mechanics, Fortune etc. by postal subscription. Send for details: Thomas & Co. (N.S.N.), 111 Buchanan St., Blackpool.

BOOKS, 2nd-hand, posted. Write for lists. Silverdale, 114 Newcity Rd., Glasgow.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

FREEHOLD for sale with full vacant possession June. Two adjoining non-basement 3-storey terrace houses with yards and garages. 3 minutes Holland Park Tube. Upper 2 floors artist's maisonette. Excellent condition. Ground floor and basement light industry, workshops 3,000 sq. ft., easily convertible. £5,000 for quick sale, or £2,750 each. Apply 43 Portland Rd., W.11.

SPAIN. Costa Brava, Rosas. A fine new residence for sale facing the sea. Garden, garage. Seven rooms, 2 bathrooms. Details from: Juan Ravell, Rosas, Gerona, Spain.

CONNEMARA, Eire. Thatched three-roomed seaside cottage to sell. P. Joyce, Ungwee, Letterfrack, Co. Galway.

FREEHOLD secluded house of unconventional character; high ground nr. Pangbourne (65 mins. Pad.) 6 rooms, k. & b.; lge. studio; all conv. inc. tel.; outbuildings; 1½ acres orchard, gdn., adjoining wood. £4,900. Box 3466.

W.1.—Centrally situated, double-fronted shop with office and large dry basement. 4-roomed maisonette above. Rent £250 p.a. Lease over 16 years. £3,000. 'Phone WEL. 9854.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 606

UNIVERSITY of London (Department of Extra-Mural Studies). "British Artists, Composers and Writers." Course of nine evening lectures in connection with the Festival of Britain. Speakers: J. Isaacs, Sir Stuart Wilson, Norman Del Mar, Mr. Ifor Evans, Hugh Casson, Professor A. F. Blunt, Professor G. Bullough, E. Martin Browne, Sir Kenneth Clark. Mondays, June 4, 11, 18; Wednesdays, June 6, 13, 20; Thursdays, June 7, 14, 21, 1951. Fees for the course of nine lectures, 12s. 6d. Single lectures, 2s. each. Applics. & enqs.: Director of Extra-Mural Studies, Senate House (Room 259), W.C.1.

APPROACH to Shakespeare: The Use of English in holding a course for secondary school teachers at Westham House, Barford, near Stratford-on-Avon, from Friday, June 22, to Friday, June 29. L. C. Knights, W. H. Mellers, G. S. Salinger, will speak on Elizabethan life and literature and will discuss Henry IV, Part II, and The Tempest, which will be seen at Stratford. Fee: 8 guineas, inc. theatre. L.E.A.s have been asked to give teachers leave and financial assistance. Applications to The Use of English, 117 Piccadilly, W.1, with 1 *guinea* deposit, quoting this advertisement.

RURAL Sociology. A residential course on life in rural England past and present, at Westham House, Barford, Warwick. July 7 to 21. Overseas visitors to the Festival will be welcomed. Application forms from the General Secretary, The Association of Agriculture, 238-240 Abbey House, 2 Victoria St., S.W.1.

MAN and His Food. A residential course dealing with the sources and factors affecting food supply and nutrition. July 24 to 27. Shuttleworth College, Biggleswade. Application forms from the General Secretary, The Association of Agriculture, 238-240 Abbey House, 2 Victoria St., S.W.1.

NEWBATTLE Abbey College, Dalkeith, Midlothian. A Residential College for Adult Education. Warden: Edwin Muir, LL.D., Ph.D., D. ès L. Courses are offered in the following subjects: English Language and Literature, British and European History, Economic Theory and History, Trade Unionism, Philosophy, Political Theory, Psychology. Fees: £125 per session, £90 for two terms, £50 for one. Next session begins Oct. 8. For further details and information re. L.E.A. Scholarships apply to the Warden.

RESIDENTIAL Music Course, Arts Department, Dartington Hall (Administrator: A. F. Cox). The full-time residential music course at Dartington Hall which has been built up over the last eight years by Imogen Holst, will be carried on from September, 1951, under the direction of John Clements. The training is intended primarily for teachers in schools and further education, but younger students are accepted for preliminary training before entering one of the major colleges of music. The course is approved by the Ministry of Education and recognised as a Supplementary Course for Teachers. Besides individual tuition in piano, violin, violoncello and recorder, the training provides special opportunities for choral singing and chamber music under professional direction. Students can get practical experience of school and further education work in the County of Devon. Students are accommodated at Dartington Hall. Facilities for individual practice are provided. Prospectus to obtainable from the Secretary of the Arts Department, Dartington Hall, Totnes, Devon.

CULTURAL Holidays in the Tyrol, June, July, August, September. Combine a delightful Tyrolean Holiday (July-Sept.) in Tirol with fascinating Study Courses in German Language and Literature; Austrian History, Art, Music, Folk-lore, etc., under Faculty members of University of Innsbruck. Inclusive charge (14 days, 21gns.; 28 days, 25gns.) covers all travel, hotels, meals, guides, lectures. Write for leaflet "1951 Summer Courses." Austria Travel Agency, Ltd., 90 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1.

ADMINISTRATIVE and Secretarial Training. Expert advice on careers. Individual care. Good posts found for all qualified students. Courses for Political, Hospital, Hotel and Library work; Journalism, Advertising, Languages and Foreign Shorthands and in Management. Special arrangements for graduates. Scholarships available. Resident and day students accepted. Social amenities. Apply to J. W. Loveridge, M.A. (Cantab.), St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd., N.W.3. Ham. 5986.

A Centre for Foreign Languages. Day and Evening classes in French, German, Spanish, Italian for beginners of all grades. English for Foreign Visitors. Priv. Lessons in all languages. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free. Language Tuition Centre, 10 Portman Street, Marble Arch, W.1. MAY. 4640, 3805.

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (Lond., Oxf., Camb., Northern London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., B.D. Degrees; Law Exams., etc. Low fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

MAYFAIR Secretarial College, 57 Duke St., W.1., provides Training for High-Grade Secretarial Posts. New Crses. com. June 4.

DRESS-MAKING. Complete training by ex - Cutter - Designer. Correspondence Course. Private lessons. Box 9656.

MARIAN Naylor. Intensive training, Stage & Teaching. Coaching auditions exams. Past pupils now in Rep. and on tour. Studio Central London. Tel. WIM. 2161.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

TOUCH-typing, Chelsea. Learn in 12 private lessons. Peggy Sutton, F.I.A. 1493.

POSTAL tuition for Premedical, Conjoint 1st Professional, 1st & 2nd M.B. exams. Emphasis on exam. technique. Special 3 months intensive course in Anatomy and Physiology. 5gns. each subject. Box 3180.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham Extra-Mural Department. Third Annual Music Summer School at Attingham Park, Shropshire, July 31-August 7. "The Heritage of English Music." Lecturers include Alan Bush, Robert Donington, Edmund Rubbra, Wilfrid Mellers, Norman Stevens. Arts etc. include The Deller Consort, The Rubbra-Gruenberg-Pleeth Trio, Desmond Dupré, George Miles. Inclusive fee £5 5s. Details from Extra-Mural Dept., The University, Edmund St., Birmingham, 3.

ALPBACH European Forum. The Austrian College Society's seventh International Summer Seminar in the Tyrol, August 17 to September 8, 32 *guineas* inclusive. Apply to Alpbach European Forum, 149 New Bond St., London, W.1. Telephone Harrow 1040.

BRAZIERS Park School of Integrative Social Research, Ipsden, Oxon. August 15-29. "Must we take sides?" Session titles include: Constructive conflict; Technique of integrative social behaviour; The American People; The Russian People; Communism v. Individualism; etc. Phone Checkendon 221.

SHAKESPEARE Play Production. Special Summer Course at Dartington Hall, Devon, July 27 to August 12. Chief Lecturer: Mr. Michael Macowan. Vacancies for Men. Apply Training Department, British Drama League, 9 Fitzroy Sq., London, W.1.

BRITTANY Painting Group. Six weeks from July 9. 2gns. p.w. Write Smyth, 8a Heath Drive, N.W.3. Beginners welcome.

PERSONAL

MIDDLE-aged woman to share moderate expenses, light duties of small pleasant house with owner living alone. 44 Oakwood, Hampstead Garden Suburb.

YOUNG lady, medical student, willing act governess, companion to family travelling Continent, mid-July-end Aug. Box 3213.

HANDLOOM weavers, N.W. London, capable of working on their own, should write to advertiser, stating type and width of their loom and previous exp. Box 3041.

WANTED:—Seaside holiday in August. Couple and baby, small hotel, boarding house or cottage. Koppel, Granach House, Dowlais, Glamorgan.

GENTLEMAN, 68 (German Jewish refugee), suffering from heart trouble, wants home: Doctor's house, Nurse's house/convalescent home, in/nr. London, at reas. price. Write Box 3134.

BARRISTER couches London area for Bar, Solicitors & Univ. exams. Box 2739.

FEW vacancies lively musical party touring France. Camping, summer. Accompanist plus instrument appreciated. Box 3199.

MAJORCA. Priv. party, dep. Lond. June 17, 15 days 29gns. 9 Oakley St., S.W.3.

FESTIVAL, nr. site. Tiny s.c. flat wkly./mthly., terms arranged. Putney 0263.

LOIRE chateaux and Brittany. Couple motoring fortnight, July 29, want 2 companions. Box 3177.

AXEGRINDERS. Journalist offers press and postal publicity service for "cranks" and crusaders. Propaganda rewritten, anti-Semitism barred. S.a.e. partics. Box 3174.

JEWISH lady required to share expenses and interests with elderly active widow in comfortable ultra-modern flat. Write: Dale, 64, Dorchester Court, Herne Hill, S.E.24.

OXFORD Undergrads. (ettes) severally req. work whole/part vacation. Box 3435.

YOUNG married couple, fluent French, German, would share expenses with couple owning car, travelling Austria 2/3 weeks July-September. Box 3449.

RUSSIAN lessons given by Russian experienced teacher. Tel. PAD 9610.

MATHS. Lecturer offers tuition. Matric. to Degree standard. Box 3405.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 99 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

FRENCH and German taught by qualified ex-teachers. Sara Herling, P.H.D., 7 Brondesbury Villas, N.W.6. Maida Vale 4657.

WE specialise in seaside hols. (not camps) for boys & girls: brochure: Junior Holidays, 69 Wigmore St., W.1. LAN. 2959.

CHILD Psychologist. Hons. Graduate. Experienced Clinical and County Psychologist. Advice on all educational problems. Remedial teaching for backward children. FREmantle 0639 or write Box 3398.

ROBUTTI Clinic, Alassio, Italian Riviera. Superbly situated Private Clinic for the care and treatment of physical and psychosomatic illness (including asthma and anxiety states); also for convalescence and high protein diet. X-Rays, physical therapy, etc. English and Italian speaking physicians and nurses. Enquiries: Secretary, 3, Upper Brook St., W.1.

RUSSIAN, German, French, by professional teacher. Oral and post. Next, 8 Flat, 102 Great Titchfield St., W.1.

PERSONAL—continued

FRANCE and Switzerland. Do you wish to combine a holiday with language practice and friendship? Applicable to children and single people; min. stays 3 weeks. Reciprocity essential. Details of home-to-home exchanges from Mrs. Robertson, 61 Fellows Rd., N.W.3. PRI. 1370.

THE Balkans and Byzantium. Yugoslavia: 15-days' Tour to the Island of Rab, including air-travel to Salzburg, £35 7s. 6d. Greece and Turkey: 4-week Tour, including 8 days at Athens, 5 days Corinth, Mycenae, Epidaurus, Olympia, Delphi, 3 days Istanbul, 8 days Bursa and Smyrna. Including air-travel to and from Athens and pocket-money, £87. Further details from the National Union of Students' Travel Department, 3 Endsleigh Street, W.C.1.

GERMANY offers the cheapest and best tours. 2 weeks: Rhineland, Eifel or Heidelberg: £20 to £23. Aug. 17. 2 weeks in Bavaria, £29; Black Forest, £22. Aug. 3. Write Educational Travel, 85 Quebec Rd., Ilford, Essex.

PAINTING holidays: glorious Welsh Coast. Mountain moorland scenery. Individual tuition. All ages and stages. Informal atmosphere. Box 3418.

THE Three Best Coach Tours! All Spain, 21 days, 75gns. A conducted tour by luxury motor coach, first-class hotels, all meals, sight-seeing, shows, bull fights, etc., included. Or—Spain and Portugal 20-day tour 75gns., or Italy 18 days 75gns. Vacancies May to September. Also many inexpensive rail tours in Europe. Write for free brochures: Bridge Tours (N.S.N.), 59 Crawford St., London, W.1. Tel.: AMBassador 4434 (Nr. Ildeware Road and Baker St.).

SEE Spain this Summer, Autumn or Winter. 14 wonderful days on the Costa Brava from £26 3s. 3d. Palma de Mallorca from £26. Malaga from £28 7s. All fully inclusive Special Cruises. July 6: Pilgrimage cruise to Holy Land. (Haifa - Nazareth - Jerusalem-Naples). Cost from £171 10s. July 17: Marseilles - Algiers - Casablanca - Cadiz - Lisbon-Bordeaux); and August 24 (Bordeaux-Vigo-Lisbon-Malaga-Palma-Marseilles), both from £48. Send now for full details to: See Spain, Ltd., 78 New Oxford St., W.C.1. (Entrance Dyott St.).

REVISIONS, special help by experienced writer for new authors. Raymond Buxton, 41 New St., Ross-on-Wye.

IMPECUNIOUS but æsthetic? Write catalogue good, cheap, antique furniture: Margery Dean, B.A., Wivenhoe, Essex. (Nearly 4,000 sq. ft. of showroom space.)

HALL for hire Leics. Sq. Dances, Socials, Plays, etc., 17 Irving St. WHI. 3678.

ZEST for work & pleasure! A 7-day Relaxation/Nature Cure regime in a delightful bijou Guest House will restore mental and physical poise and vigour to the tired personality. Brochure: Vernon Symonds, "The Brooklands," Halloway Place, Hastings. Tel. Hastings 2832.

"HOW I Cured My Duodenal Ulcer," by John Parr. At all booksellers, 8s. 6d. net. Published by Michael Joseph, Ltd., 26 Bloomsbury St., W.C.1.

PARIS—with a difference. Specially planned, flexible programmes for individuals or small groups in company with cultured Parisians. Sleeping in a comfortable hotel, you can, if you wish, see Paris as an unusually privileged visitor under the aegis of Pendrey & Partners, Ltd., 22 Bury Place, London, W.C.1. HOL. 4846.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

INSTANTANEOUS French from a few minutes' daily play with Vocabulex cards. 6s. 6d. Florentan Co., 34 Downside Rd., Sutton, Surrey.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

SHORT Story Writing. Send 2½d. for Stories that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and prospectus of world-famous course, Regent Institute (B/191), Palace Gate, W.8.

OFFICERS and Executives Loan Co., Ltd., 6 Chandos St., Cavendish Sq., W.1. LAN. 5714. Personal loans from £50.

GRAPHOLOGICAL Expert, scientifically trained with wide experience, gives advice in personal and business matters (appointment of staff, partnerships, matrimonial affairs); child guidance, etc. Write to Graphological Bureau, 1 Woodside, Erskine Hill, N.W.11.

PRESENT-Day strain. Particulars regarding Training in Relaxation combined with rest in beautiful and peaceful surroundings within easy reach London, can be had from Sec., Langley Rise, Kings Langley. Tel. 2519.

ARE you tired and exhausted? Try nerve manipulation, an invigorating, stimulating and relaxing therapy, recommended by med. pract. Mr. Stephen, 1 Bentinck St., London, W.1. Tel. Welbeck 9600.

CORSICA. An enchanting fortnight under canvas amongst the pines by the Mediterranean. Perfect climate and wonderful scenery. Swimming, games, dancing, etc. Good food. By air from London, including 2 nights in Paris, £39. Also individual holidays arranged. Pendrey & Partners, Ltd. (Corsican Tourist Office), 22 Bury Place, W.C.1. HOL. 4846.

PERSONAL—continued

AUGUST in Burgundy. 16 days all inclusive, five £14 10s. Accommodation in modern agricultural centre. Work on farms available if desired reduce cost of holiday. Write for brochure to "Jeunes de France," 7a Addison Ave., London, W.11. Tel. PARk 7265.

WEEK in Paris, International Holiday Centre; all-in travel London-London: £12. Parties leaving every Fri. from June 29. Holiday centre at Biarritz: Party leaving June 29 to July 21, £20 5s. all-in. U.S.Y. Travel Service, 21 Streatnes Ground, S.W.1.

JUNE holidays: enjoy an informal holiday in the Austrian Tyrol together with a small group of professional people (June 15 or 29); also Dorset holiday by the sea or river week-end in Berkshire, June 8; Festival River Cruise, June 30. Details from Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

JOIN our Tyrolean tours, July 21-Aug. 6, train only £28 incl. July 28-Aug. 11, air and train, £28 10s. incl. Also other tours. De Beer, 154 Westbourne Grove, W.11.

CANAL Cruising Co., Stone, Staffs., have 2-4-berth cruisers vacant June, July, Sept. Wide choice of lovely routes.

CORSICA. The best value that you can have this summer: return air fare, London-Calvi (direct) and fortnight at delightful Anglo-French Camp de l'Ile-rion on the magnificent bay of Calvi for £35 10s. Continuous sunshine, good food, perfect freedom. Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. Telephone: City 7163/4.

WE know that lovely little place you've been thinking about and can arrange a perfect Continental holiday for you. £27 incl. Allways, 17 Sicilian Avenue, W.C.1.

NURSE Ollivier. Colds, Colonic irrigation, Rheumatism. MAY. 1085.

LONDON Panel of Personal Consultants. Please write for brochure to the Hon. Secretary, 104 Gt. Russell Street, N.W.1.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

CONNEMARA Boys' Holiday Camp. One month, first-class food, sea bathing, fishing, £20 incl. of fare from London. Boat met at Dublin, Cooking by Camb. Hons. grad. if reqd. Lee, Ungwee, Letterfrack, Eire.

P.S. Almost June! Don't leave it too late. Write now to Harold Ingham about holidays in Italy, Switzerland, France or Austria —15 St. John's Road, Harrow.

P.P.S. The Summer Schools are the best value but booking fast—ring Harrow 1040.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, N.W.3. Co-educational Day School owned and controlled by a Friendly Society of Parents and Staff. Nursery 8gns., K.G. 15gns., Junior and Senior School 18gns.

KENSINGTON. Froebel Nursery School for children of prof. parents, 9 a.m.-5 p.m. 2½ to 9 yrs. Froebel teachers, catering by qualified dietitian. Garden and playground. Car collection. Weekly boarders accepted. Redcliffe Nursery School, 47 Redcliffe Gardens, S.W.10. Fla. 0489.

LONG Dene, Chiddingstone, Edenbridge, Kent. Co-educational, 5 to 18. A group of 150 children and adults, creatively concerned with education, agriculture and the arts. Organic 200-acre farm. T.T. herd. Directors: C. C. Guinness, B.A., Karla Guinness (Dalcroze), R. G. Job, B. Sc.

ODAM Hill School; a friendly beginning for boys and girls(4-13). Animal care, riding, etc., on Children's Farm. Enqs., particularly from parents abroad, R. A. Falkner and Mrs. Falkner, B.A., S. Molton, Devon.

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth. Co-education to 18 years in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. Applications for vacancies from 1951 considered. H. Lyn Harris, M.A., LL.B.; Mrs. Lyn J. Harris, M.A.

READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: Arabic Koran; "Keesing's Contemporary Archives," from Jan., 1946; "Horizon," 1942-9; Persian Carpet (Hamadan) 12ft. 5in. × 5ft. 4in., used, but still sound condition, £16 10s.; Bokhara (Khiva) small Carpet, red and blue, 7ft. 3in. × 6ft., sound condition, £19; Persian (Kurdish) Runner 10ft. × 3ft. 6in., brick-red field, blue, etc., motives, condition perfect, £17 10s.; Reconditioned open Pedestal Executive Edipbone with access screws for dictating, accessories for use as transcribing machine, hand shaving machine: offers; Typewriter, standard 4-bank; Ex-London Taxi, £75.

WANTED: Hodgkins' Anglo-Saxon History, Oxford University Press 1935, new (2nd hand) Philip Beardman's Biography of Patrick Geddes (buy/borrow); London B.A. Arts hood, cap; Second-hand London University Gown; Typewriter, urgent, must be good model.

Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, 10 Great Turnstile, mentioning advt. and details (separate letter for each item). Charges under this heading, 2s. first word, 10d. a word after, including forwarding replies.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. Insertion delayed some weeks. State latest date acceptable. 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

ENTERTAINMENTS

SHAKESPEARE Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon. 92nd season. Evs. 7.30. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2.30. All seats bookable, 2s. 6d.-12s. 6d., London Agents or Theatre.

CHRISTOPHER Fry's New Play, "A Sleep of Prisoners," at St. Thomas's Church, Regent St., evgs. 8.30, Tues. & Sat. 6.30 & 8.30. 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d. Reg. WAT. 4723, or Agencies.

ARTS (Tem. 3334). 7 (ex. Mon.), St. & Sun. 5 & 8. Shaw Festival. Prog. 2. "Shaw at his greatest." D. Exp. "Hugely entertaining." D. Herald.

UNITY, BUS. 5391. "The Word of the King." Weds. to Suns. 7.30. Mems. 2s. 6d.

"MANALIVE!" In-timate Review, 10.30 p.m. Whitehall 3678. Mon.-Fri., Sun. 4.30 p.m. Arena (Club Th.), 17 Irving St., Leics. Sq. Festival members 5s.

EVERYMAN, HAM 1525. Until May 27: Pierre Brasseur, Reggiani in Carné's "Les Portes de la Nuit" (A). From May 28: Arletty, Jean-Louis Barrault in Carné's "Les Enfants de Paradis" (A).

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. Sun., May 27, 7.30, "Kuksi" (Somewhere in Europe) (A).

BRITISH-Polish Friendship Society (Tel. LANgham 6593). Repeat performance in response to many requests! Film-show "Warsaw's East-West Route" and "The New Art." 7.45 on Friday, May 25, at 81 Portland Place, W.1. All are welcome. Refreshments.

H. C. ANDERSEN Recital—by heart (English-Irish-German)—Lilly Freud-Marlé. His Life, Poems, Stories. "The Nightingale." Music by Arnold Winternitz. 1st Perf. in England. Accompanist: John Harrison. May 31, 7.30 p.m. 1 Broadhurst Gdns., N.W.6. Finchley Rd. Und. St.; Tickets 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d.; students, 2s. 6d. Tel.: CUN. 9623, 4 Castellain Rd., W.9.

TALIESIN P.M.G.—May 29, Dante translations and discussion Longfellow, Binyon, Sayers, etc., arr. T. W. Ramsey. June 12, Hardy's Dynasts, dramatic reading with large cast in shortened version, arr. Mary Grew; recorder music, St. Anne's House, Dean St. 6.20. Visitors welc. Adm. program.

GREAT Hall, Hampton Court Palace. The London Opera Club's Festival Production: 6 performances of "Michael and Frances" and "The Judgement of Paris" (Eccles), July 23 to July 28, 8 p.m. Join now to secure preferential seat allocation. Enqs.: Hon. Sec., 37 Kingswood Court, N.W.6.

RECITALS of English Song (presented by the B.B.C.). Wigmore Hall, Monday next at 8. "Love blows as the wind blows" (Butterworth); Songs by lutenist composers (Dowland, Rosseter, Morley); Amoretti (Edmund Rubbra); Seven Poems by James Boyce (E. J. Moeran); "On Wenlock Edge" (Vaughan Williams). Soloists: Heddle Nash, Henry Cummings, Alfred Deller, Desmond Dupré, Ernest Lush, New London String Quartet. Tickets: 9s. and 6s., from Hall (Wel. 2141), Agents, and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd.

LONDON Mozart Players. Cond.: Harry Blech (presented by Haydn-Mozart Society). Chelsea Town Hall, Tuesday next, at 7.30. Haydn-Mozart prog. Soloist: Nina Milkina. Tickets: 10s. 6d., 8s. 6d., 6s., 5s. 6d., from usual Agents and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1.

ELIJAH (Mendelssohn). Royal Albert Hall. Wed., May 30, at 7.30. Soloists: Ena Mitchell, Gladys Ripley, Alfred Hepworth, Norman Walker. United Hospitals' Festival Choir. London Symphony Orchestra. Conductor: Josef Krips (by arr. with Harold Holt, Ltd.). Tickets: 21s., 15s., 12s. 6d., 3s. 6d. Gallery (Prom.), 2s. 6d. (All Others Sold), from Hall (Ken. 8212), usual agents and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1.

MORLEY College Concerts Society. Royal Festival Hall, Wed. next, at 8. Tippett: "A Child of Our Time," Tallis; Motet in 40 parts; Stravinsky: Ode and "Babel" (First European perf.). Morley College Choir. Philharmonia Orchestra. Conductors: Michael Tippett and Walter Goehr. 12s. 6d., 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d., from Box Office, Royal Festival Hall (Wat. 3191), usual Agents and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1.

MASSED Choir (1,000 Voices) of the National Federation of Music Societies. Royal Albert Hall, Sat., June 2, at 3. Programme of British Choral and Orchestral Music. London Philharmonic Orchestra. Joan Alexander, Dennis Noble. Conductors: Sir Adrian Boult and Alan J. Kirby. Tickets: 10s., 7s. 6d., 6s., 4s., 3s. 6d., 2s., at Hall (Ken. 8122), Agents and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1.

SUMMER School, Bryanston, Dorset, Aug. 11-Sept. 1. Teaching Faculties include: Conducting: Roger Desormiere. Singing: Elisabeth Schumann. Piano: Denis Matthews. Chamber Music Coaching: The Amadeus Quartet. Concerts and Lectures every day. Send 2½d. stamp for Illustrated Prospectus to The Secretary, 29 Holland Villas Rd., London, W.14.

YORK Festival of the Arts, June 3-17. First production for 400 years, unique York Mystery Plays. Hallé Orchestra, L.P.O., Y.S.O., Barbirolli, Boult, Sabata; famous soloists. Details and bookings: Festival Offices, York or theatre ticket agencies.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Members please note, dances cancelled until further notice.

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., Haymarket. Next week's concerts: Tues. at 8: John Clegg, piano. Mozart, Ravel, Chopin (Op. 25), Rachmaninov. Wed. at 8: Clive Lythgoe, piano, Ethel Giles, contralto, Ethel Bertlany, violin, Hubert Greenslade, accompanist. Fri. at 8: Winifred Gaskell, flute, Dorothy Manley, piano. 1st perfs. Wallbank Sonata, Goossens and Bozza pieces. Tickets for Tues. 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s.; for Wed. 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d., for Fri. 5s., 3s., at door, Chappell's, Agents. Director of Concerts: Nicholas Chaveaux.

LONDON Choral Society. Conductor: John Tobin. Friday, June 1 at 7.30. First Performance of "Twelfth Night" by Geoffrey Bush (For Tenor Solo, Chorus and Orchestra), and works by Handel, Bliss, Vaughan Williams, Isobel Baillie, Alicia Carr, Stephen Manton. The Tobin Chamber Orchestra. Central Hall, Westminster. Tickets: Res'd. 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d.; unres'd. 2s. 6d. Box Office: Central Hall (WHI. 4259), Chappells, 50 New Bond St. (MAY. 7600), and Alfred Hays, 26 Old Bond St. (REG. 4040), 74 Cornhill (AVE. 3060).

SINGING Englishmen: Festival Concert at St. Pancras Town Hall, June 1. (By arrangement with Arts Council.) Anna Pollak, John Goss, Bernard Miles, Hanwell Silver Band, W.M.A. Choir: 1st Perf. "English Folk Fantasia" (R. Maldwyn Price) and "A Flourish for Brass Band" (R. Vaughan Williams). Tickets 7s. 6d. and 5s. from Chappell's, agents, W.M.A. (PAD. 8670).

THREE new works by Phillip Cannon. The Merritt Orchestra. Chorus of women's voices. Conductor: Kathleen Merritt, Pianist: Odile Crussard. At Institut Français, S. Kensington, May 30. 5.30-6.30 p.m. Some complimentary tickets available from Chappell Box Off., MAY. 7600, & from Novello & Co.

LIEDER Recital, Queen Mary Hall, Thurs., May 31, 7.30. Marianne Mislap-Kapper. Seats 6s., 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d., Box Office, Y.W.C.A. Central Club, Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. MUS. 7512.

WEINGARTEN. Chopin Recital, Wigmore Hall, Sat., June 2, at 3. Tickets: 9s., 6s., 3s., at Hall, and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1.

WILLIAM Primrose, Harry Isaacs: Jordans Music Club, Mayflower Barn, Sat., June 2, at 8. Tkts. 5s. J, Valentine, Nine Elms, Jordans, Bucks. Trains Marylebone.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Recital by Olga Hegedus (cello), Viola Tunnard (pianoforte), Sunday, May 27, at 8 p.m. Non-mems. 1s.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Studio Group "At Home" to members and guests. Entertainments, etc. Wed., May 30, at 7.30 p.m. Tickets 3s. (incig. buffet) obtainable in advance (WEL. 5601).

ALL Nations Social Club, Ltd. Dance at Caxton Hall, Westminster, S.W.1. Saturday, May 26, 7.30-11.30 p.m. Chris Stone's Orchestra. Licence applied for. Spot prizes. Dress optional. Non-members welcome. Tickets 4s. each at door.

INTERNATIONAL Dance. Youth House, 250 Camden Rd., N.W.1. Saturday, 26th, at 8 p.m. Tickets 2s. 6d.

EXHIBITIONS

CONTEMPORARY Art Society: Informal Party at Tate Gallery, June 8. Films based on work of Giotto, Carpaccio, Bosch and Braque. Galleries on view including "Turner and Venetian Petworth." Tickets 6s. 6d. (incl. refreshments) for C.A.S. mems.

CONTEMPORARY Art Society: Anyone wishing to join should apply C.A.S., Tate Gallery, S.W.1 (Sub. from 1gns.)

TRADITIONAL Art from the Colonies. Colonial Office Festival Exhibition, Imperial Institute, South Kensington. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Sundays 2.30 p.m. to 6 p.m. Until September 30. Admission free.

ARCADE Gallery, a great period of English painting: Elizabethan portraits. Royal Arcade, 28 Old Bond St.

FESTIVAL Exhibition of Books, org. by the National Book League at the Victoria & Albert Museum, Div. 10-6, Sun. 2.30-6. Adm. 1s. Children under 5 not admitted.

BATTERSEA Park, L.C.C. International Open Air Sculpture Exhib. 10 till dusk daily. May-Sept. Adm. 1s., children 6d.

SPLENDID Occasions: an exhibition of old prints and panoramas. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till June 9. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-5., Tues., Thurs., 10-8. Adm. free.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. First Exhibition in England of Sculpture and Drawings by Marino Marini. Weekdays 10-5.30, Saturdays 10-1.

HENRY Moore. An Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Open till July 29. Weekdays 10-6, Sundays 2-6. Adm. 1s.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., 10 Old Bond St., W.1. "The English Scene." Important British Paintings from 3 Centuries. Romney, Constable, Palmer, Whistler, Sickert, etc. 10-5.30; Sat. 10-1.

CONSTABLE and his Contemporaries. Exhibition of paintings at Burgh House, Well Walk, Hampstead, N.W.3. May 14 to June 30. Open daily (exc. Sundays), 10-7, Adm. 1s.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED. The Turnstile Print of Picasso's painting "Flowers: 1903" from the Tate Gallery is now published at £2 10s., plus purchase tax £1 3s. 9d., available at 11 Gt. Turnstile and all good print shops in U.K.

BRITISH Painting, 1925-1950 (First Anthology), New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington St., W.1. An Arts Council Exhibition. Open till June 9. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-5. Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1s.

SLATTER Gallery. Important Dutch and Flemish Masters. 10-5.30, Sat. 10-1. 30 Old Bond St.

TWENTY Brook Street. Re-opens June 6. Modern Masters and Artists of To-day.

BRIGHTON: The Royal Pavilion with Regency furniture. Open daily including Sundays, 10-5.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Gericault to Renoir. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

FESTIVAL Exhibition of Contemporary Furniture and Furnishings in rooms showing schemes for town and country living. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

EUGENE Boudin (1824-1898). Oils & Water Colours. Gimpel Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. May 1-June 2.

TATE Gallery. The Petworth Turners. Eton Leaving Portraits. Week-days 10-6, Sundays 2-6. Free. Licensed Restaurant.

FESTIVAL Exhibition of Israeli Arts and Crafts, at The Ben Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Mon.-Fri., 10 a.m.-5 p.m., Sun., 2.30 p.m.-5 p.m. Until June 17. Free.

GORDON Webster. Stained Glass at Walker's Galleries, 118 New Bond St.

SHERLOCK Holmes Exhibition, Abbey House, Baker St., N.W.1. May 22-Sept. 22, 10.30 to 7.30 (except Sundays). 1s. adults, 6d. children.

ROYAL Society of British Artists, Suffolk St., S.W.1. Festival Exhib. of Members' Work. 10-5, May 19-June 14. Adm. 1s.

TOULOUSE-Lautrec: Paintings and Drawings at the Matthiesen Gallery, 142 New Bond St., 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1, until June 30.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leics. Sq. Abstract Art; also A.I.A. 1951 Lithographs. 11-6 incl. Saturdays.

PAINTINGS & Drawings by Anthony Underhill at Park Studio, Pelham St., S. Kensington, S.W.7 (50 yds. S. Knts. Br.). Sat., May 26, to Sun., June 10. Sat. & Sun. 11 a.m.-9 p.m. Other days 2 p.m.-9 p.m.

THE Historic Plate of the City of London. Goldsmiths' Hall, Foster Lane, Cheapside. Open until June 16. Weekdays 10.30-6. Admission 2s.

BLACKHEATH Art Society. Annual Exhibition. Tranquil Hall, Blackheath Village, May 27-June 10. Daily 11 a.m.-7 p.m. Sundays 2 p.m.-7 p.m.

FIVE Irish Painters. First Exhibition in England; 9.30-6. Sat. 9.30-1, Tooth's, 31 Bruton St., W.1.

20TH Century Poetry. I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Books, Manuscripts, Portraits, Lectures, Readings. 10-6.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

A.Sc.W. Festival Lectures, Caxton Hall. May 25. Sir James Scott Watson, on "Science and Food." Chairman, Dr. John Hammond, F.R.S. June 5: Lord Halsbury on "Science and Industry." Chairman, Professor P. M. S. Blackett, F.R.S. June 12: Dr. J. Bronowski on "Science and Power." Chairman, Lord Haden-Guest. Each lecture commences at 7.30 p.m. Tickets (series 5s., each lecture 2s.) obtainable from Association of Scientific Workers, 15 Half Moon St., W.1, or at the door.

ERIC Crozier on "The Writer and the Modern British Opera," Saturday, May 26, at 3 p.m. Prof. C. Colleer Abbott on "Boswell and the Boswell Papers." Tuesday, May 29, at 6.15 p.m. Lecture Theatre, Victoria and Albert Museum, in connection with Festival Exhibition of Books. Admission free.

PROGRESSIVE Business Men's Forum. "India To-day." Speaker: His Excellency Mr. V. K. Krishna Menon, High Commissioner for India. Wed., May 30, at 7.30 p.m. Heal's Restnt., 196 Tottenham Ct. Rd., W.1. Visitors 3s. 6d. Hon. Sec. WEL. 0136.

ALL Nations Social Club, Ltd. Parliamentary Brains Trust by Four M.P.s, Two Labour, Two Conservative, Fri., June 1, 8 p.m., at Great Cumberland Hall, Bryanston St., Marble Arch (behind Cumberland Hotel). Questions & contributions from audience. Non-members 2s. 6d. at door.

SIR John Pratt, S. S. Silverman, M.P., L. C. White and Joseph Needham. "Stop the drift to war with China." Tues., May 29, 7.30 p.m. Holborn Hall, Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1. Britain-China Friendship Assoc., 17 Bishop's Bridge Rd., W.2.

PEACE Pledge Union Brains Trust on C.O. problems. Q.M.,Sybil Morrison, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1., 7.30, May 31.

CAN Britain and Russia Live in Peace? Basic Communist Party Meeting, Hampstead Town Hall, Fri., May 25, 8 p.m.

SOC. for Sex Education & Guidance. Zoe Dawe, "Sex Education in the School," Wed., May 30, Conway Hall, 7 p.m. Ad. free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

FELLOWSHIP Through the Faiths. World Congress of Faiths Festival of Britain Meeting. Chair: The Viscount Samuel, P.C., G.B.E., Buddhist, Christian, Muslim & Parsee speakers. Caxton Hall, Tues., May 29, 7.30. Adm. free.

FREE Lecture: "Children's Diet and Health," by Claire Lowenfeld. Chairman: Dr. B. P. Allinson. Sat., June 2, at 2.30 p.m. Alliance Hall, Palmer St., S.W.1 (Nr. St. James's Park Underground Stn.).

ANDREW Roth, correspondent of "New Republic," will speak on "America v. Russia in Asia." Monday, May 28, AJEX, Synagogue Hall, Raleigh Close, Hendon, at 8.15 p.m.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Wed., May 30, 7.30 p.m., at N.T.U. Club, 12 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2. "Are Distribution Costs too High?" Barbara Castle, M.P., Adm. 1s. 6d.

LONDON Labour Party invites members to hear Haakon Lie (Secretary, Norwegian Labour Party) and Alice Bacon, M.P. (Chairman, Labour Party), at Hoare Memorial Hall, Church House, Westminster, S.W.1 (entrance, Great Smith St.), next Friday, June 1, at 7.30 p.m. Show Member's card at door.

"SOCIALIST Realism in Literature." Two lectures by Alick West on May 31 and June 14 at 8 p.m. Hungarian Club, 33 Pembridge Square, W.2. Admission free.

MISS E. Pauline Quigly will speak on "Some European Travellers' observations on Indian Embroideries from A.D. 1292." June 1, at 17 Great Cumberland Place, Marble Arch, 8.15 p.m. All welcome.

SOCIETY of Labour Lawyers: "The Right to Strike," Dr. Kahn-Freund, Tu. May 29, 7 p.m. "Feathers," Tudor St. E.C.4.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. June 2, at 6 p.m. Señor A. Solé: "Lopez de Vega."

INST. of Contemporary Arts, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. Gro. 6186. Exhibitions. Lectures, Music, Poetry, &c. New members welc.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Tues., May 29, at 7.45 p.m. Mr. Bernard Stevens will give a talk on Leoš Janacek, the Czech composer. Chair: Mr. Harry Mayor. Adm. free, all welc.

LUNCH Hour Talks on Yoga, Caxton Hall, Tuesdays 1 p.m. May 29: Secret of Success. June 5: Analysis of Mind. June 12: Unknown Territories of the Mind.

HAMPSTEAD Town Hall. "Russia With Our Own Eyes." Speakers: A member of the 1951 May Day Delegation and Miss Muriel Coult of the 1950 Delegation. Thurs., May 31, 8 p.m. Adm. 6d. B.S.F.S.

EGYPTIAN Education Bureau: 4 Chesterfield Gardens, Curzon St., W.1. Sir Cyril Burt on "The Psychology of individual differences." 6 p.m. Wed., May 30. Adm. free.

WOOL Education Society. Lectures in London, Leeds, Manchester, Cambridge. Members receive quarterly journal "Wool Knowledge." For details of membership apply to Director of Education, International Wool Secretariat, Dorland House, 18-20 Regent St., London, S.W.1.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welcome May 27: What is Freedom?

"SIGNS of the Times." Professor Z. N. Zeine, M.A., F.R.A.S., will speak on "Blind Followers of the Blind," at the Caxton Hall (Kent Room), on Mon., May 28, 7.30 p.m. All welcome. No collection.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. May 27: Professor G. W. Keeton, M.A., LL.D., "Disarmament." Questions after lecture. Admission free. Overseas visitors cordially welcomed.

VIRGINIA Flemming: "The Issue between Conservatives and Labour." At the Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, Queensway, W.2. Sunday, May 27, at 11 a.m.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda at Kingsway Hall, every Thursday, 7.30 p.m. May 31: "Immortality and the Self." All welcome.

BUDDHIST Society, 106 Gt. Russell St. Public Lecture, Wed., May 30, 6.30. "The Two Majjhima Suttas." Miss I. B. Horner.

BELGIAN Institute, 6 Belgrave Sq., S.W.1. Friday, June 1, at 6.30 p.m. Lecture by Sir Ernest Barker, D.Litt., LL.D., on: "The Age of Shakespeare and its Effect on Drama." Entr. free.

THE London Peace Council invites all organisations and individuals to join a great March for Peace. Assemble Hyde Park, North Carriageway, Sunday, May 27, 3 p.m.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

SOCIALISM in International Affairs. Geoffrey Bing, M.P., William Warbey. Week-End School for Labour Party members, June 9, 10. Elmswand, Haywards Heath. Charge 18s. Apply G. Fishwick, Victory for Socialism, 3 Grey Close, N.W.11.

(Lecture Courses, etc.—cont. on p. 607)

More Classified Adverts. on Pages 605, 606, 607

Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office. 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1; Published Weekly at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.